

THE GRAIL



JUNE, 1944

The Grail

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JUNE, 1944

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The life of Mary Rose Ferron may now be had in its third edition. The title is "She Wears a Crown of Thorns." The book may be ordered from The Reverend O. A. Boyer, St. Edmund's Rectory, Ellenburg, New York, or from THE GRAIL. Leaflets with a sketch of Rose's life may also be had from THE GRAIL. You are asked to report all favors obtained through private prayer to this American stigmatic of our own day to either of the above addresses.

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H. C. McGinnis

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

A Mote, a Beam, and an Eye

Court has decided that "When primaries become a part of the machinery for choosing officials, as they have here, the same tests to determine the character of discrimination or abridgement should be applied to the primary as are applied to the general election," it necessarily follows that any restrictions placed against Negro voting in primaries must also pertain to general elections. Existing restrictions, plus the poll tax, are already severe enough to keep millions of colored Americans from the polls. Why the parents of boys who are dying nobly, even in the earth's far places, to further the cause of justice—and Southern boys are more than holding their own in the lists of the war's heroes—should deny justice to their fellow Americans is totally baffling to those who agree with the law of the land that all Americans, regardless of race, color or creed, are entitled to political equality.

Regardless of what is done to circumvent the Supreme Court's ruling, the poll tax which still exists in several Southern States will continue to disfranchise millions of colored citizens. Defenders of that tax shout that efforts to abolish it are Communistic, but history proves that this obstruction to political justice was the concern of truly democratic people long before Karl Marx was born. Aristotle declared it "a most ignominious imposition," as he sought to broaden the franchise in ancient Greece, long before the time of Christ. Although in some places it was used to confer the franchise, generally speaking its purpose has been to exclude certain classes and levels of society from the polls. In many ancient countries, it was used as a source of revenue and for keeping the registration of individuals composing conquered nations up to

date. Because of it, Jesus was born in a stable; for His people were on their way to the provincial capital to be assessed. As the Romans extended their conquests, they introduced this tax to now modern nations. In some places the poll tax was literally a head tax, upon payment of which the payer's neck was encircled with an official receipt which stated that the bearer had government permission to retain his head for a period of one year from the date thereon. There were few delinquent poll taxes in such places.

Over 500 years ago, England had progressed sufficiently in its understanding of democracy to object to the poll tax, an objection which was finally expressed violently in Watt Tyler's Rebellion. Although the British Government succeeded in crushing this revolt, it could not kill its spirit. So, in 1698, poll taxes became a thing of the past in England. Hence it isn't true that opposition to the poll tax is a Red machination against the peace and dignity of the States which retain it; but if it were, then it would be one thing for which Communism should get a cheer not of the Bronx variety.

In colonial days, poll taxes were a major grievance and when independence was gained, the Founding Fathers abolished them immediately. This form of taxation was looked upon with high disfavor until after the War between the States, when it gained a definite popularity in the South and in some other sections. In some States, during the Reconstruction Period, the tax was adopted to disfranchise Negroes; in other places it was used against poor whites as well, since both these classes had become predominant politically under Carpet-bag rule. In a few States where the above questions did not exist, poll taxes were

ALTHOUGH the United States Supreme Court recently ruled that the Democratic Party in Texas may not bar Negroes from the primaries, it is extremely doubtful if many Negroes will get to vote in either the primaries or the general elections in several Southern States. There are two main reasons. First, the poll tax, which, in effect, disfranchises several million colored voters in the "Solid South"; and second, ways and means are already being sought which will circumvent the Court's decision. According to news reports, scarcely had the decision been rendered than South Carolina's Governor called a special session of that State's legislature for the purpose of amending primary laws "to keep our white Democratic primaries pure." Since, according to the 1940 census, colored people compose 43% of South Carolina's population, the barring of Negroes from the primaries means that nearly half of South Carolina's citizens will be practically disfranchised; for, in the Solid South, elections are decided in the primaries. In Mississippi, Negroes compose 49% of the population. Texas, which wants to limit participation in the Democratic primaries to whites only, has only 14% Negro population. Since the Supreme

instituted to extend the franchise to propertyless citizens. . . While in such cases the imposition of the tax was a sincere attempt to extend the franchise, it usually fell much short of its purpose. Many citizens were unable to pay these taxes.

Let us look at a few concrete examples of how the poll tax disfranchises in those Southern States which still retain it. The 1940 election, which brought out the heaviest vote ever cast in this country, is an excellent and recent example. In that election, only 5.25% of South Carolina's total population voted, as compared with 51.39% in Indiana. Mississippi voted 6.7% of its population against 50.76% in Illinois. In grouping the poll tax States and the non-poll tax States we find that the latter voted 70.58% of their potential voters,—some States running over 90%—while the poll tax States averaged only 21.1%.

Perhaps the best illustrations are individual State examples. In Tennessee, before the imposition of poll taxes, the lowest recorded Presidential vote of those eligible was 76%. This was in 1876. In 1880, 79% of the eligibles voted; in 1888, 90%. But in 1940, under the poll tax system, only 27.2% cast votes. Here is another striking example from the same State. In 1916, with only the male population voting, the State recorded a vote of 272,194. In 1920, women were voting for the first time and, through a quirk in the State law, were allowed to vote without paying the poll tax. A State vote of 428,624 was recorded. But by 1924, Tennessee's women were paying poll taxes and the vote dropped to 290,552, even though the number of potential voters had practically doubled over the 1916 figure. The difference between the 1916 and 1920 votes shows approximately the woman vote; the decrease between 1920 and 1924 shows the approximate extent to which the poll tax caused Tennessee's citizens to stay away from the polls.

Although the poll tax is usually not heavy, it is often cumulative and finally runs into considerable money. In some States the accumulated tax now amounts to more than \$40 per

person. The sum of \$80 for a man and wife to vote is a prohibitive figure in many Southern States where thousands of Negroes rarely see \$5 in cash from one's year's end to another. Once the average Southern share-cropper or migrant farm laborer gets behind in his poll taxes, it is nearly impossible for him to ever get caught up to the point where he can vote.

One of the claims of Southern poll tax proponents is that many Negroes are too ignorant to vote intelligently. Although this is undoubtedly true, the blame for such conditions rests squarely upon the shoulders of those who do vote in such places. A glance at the record proves the undemocratic discrimination which is practiced against the Negro by many Southern States in education appropriations. In Alabama, in 1939 and 1940, the annual cost of schooling a white pupil was \$47; the cost for a Negro was \$14. In Arkansas, white pupils received an education appropriation of \$36; the Negro, \$13. In Florida, whites received \$69; Negroes, \$26. In Georgia, the cost per white pupils was \$55; the cost of a colored one, \$16. In Mississippi, with the heaviest colored population in percentage, whites received \$52; Negroes, \$7. In Louisiana, white pupils were allotted \$77, Negro ones \$20. Texas averaged \$72 for each white pupil, \$28 for each colored one. In addition to these discriminatory allotments, the colored boy or girl has other difficulties to face in getting even the most meagre education. Economic conditions very often cause share-cropping parents or those who earn their scant livings by performing migratory farm labor, following the year-round rotation of crops, particularly fruit, berries, and vegetables, to keep their children out of school in order to supplement the family income. In much of this work, children are as useful as adults. Hence the children of such parents often get only a few weeks of school each year, a fact which doesn't add to the educational attainments of the Southern Negro. So while there are many Southern Negroes who cannot read intelligently the local election laws, the fault rests not with him or his lack of ambition,

but in the facilities afforded him and the economic conditions which surround his entire life.

Because of the miserable conditions under which millions of our colored citizens are forced to live, citizens whose ancestors in many cases fought shoulder to shoulder with their white brothers under Washington for the independence of the land they hoped to enjoy, we have made ourselves exceedingly vulnerable to the jibes of those who either oppose the democratic way of life or else practice injustices upon subject peoples, much to the voiced displeasures of white Americans. It seems incredible to the world at large that white Americans should be so deeply disturbed over conditions in India, Burma, and many other places, while we have imposed or else failed to resist such disgraceful conditions, not upon ten million subjects but upon ten million fellow Americans. Such doubters of the sincerity in American demands for world justice can scarcely be blamed for thinking that the Statue of Liberty is but a mask which hides American hypocrisy. Surely that inviting beacon means nothing to one whose skin is other than white, especially should he realize the treatment which white Americans accord colored Americans.

Day in and day out millions of Americans, both Christian and unchurched, express longings for a "Christian peace" and a "Christian society" to follow it. Presumably they realize that a Christian society must be predicated upon the acceptance of the common Fatherhood of God. Yet how can anyone accept God's common Fatherhood and at the same time logically deny man's brotherhood? And since all souls, regardless of the hue of the mortal bodies they inhabit, are equally precious to God, who are we to question His decision? Before we too vigorously advocate that the postwar world accept a moral type of society, we had better do some house-cleaning at home; lest we remind non-Americans too vividly of a little parable once told about a mote, a beam, and an eye.

A SERMON IS A SPIRITUAL REPAST

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

Our Manners in Church

IV. BEHAVIOUR DURING THE SERMON

NCESSITY has curtailed the length of most sermons so that both preacher and listener are at a disadvantage. The preacher cannot easily develop his theme in an interesting way without encroaching upon the time for the following Mass, and the listener cannot always grasp a concentrated instruction. This creates a real problem.

The layman has an obligation to hear a sermon, but the lack of time and other factors prevent the priest from preaching a sermon, or the kind of sermon he knows his parishioners need and want. Many a layman is free with his criticism of the sermons he hears—and sometimes no doubt rightly so—but there seems to be more than a possibility in the defense the priest makes, viz., that if he wants to preach a well-developed sermon, one which will consume at least twenty to thirty minutes, his parishioners grow restless and even complain afterwards that they always have long sermons while other parishes have ten-minute "talks." Such a ten-minute sermon may be sufficient on very hot days or on occasions when other ceremonies are long, as on Palm Sun-

day, but it does not always fill the need for instruction that many persons have.

True, no preacher today has the appeal and unction that our Divine Saviour had when He led the Jews for days, even into the wilderness, oblivious of the need for bodily nourishment, while they hungered for and were satiated by His words. Today's preacher is content if his congregation will stay in the church until he has completed an instruction lasting a quarter of an hour. If it is not the craving for food that tempts some to leave, it is a similar desire, engendered by the habit of smoking. Now and then conscience will drive a listener out of church rather than suffer the reprimand it deserves.

But there is an obligation for all to hear a sermon, no less binding than the priest's obligation to preach a sermon; so let us begin from that point and realize that just as one does not fulfill his obligation to support the Church by contributing the smallest possible portion of his earnings, so one does not satisfy his duty by attending only Masses in which no sermon is preached, or go-

ing to such churches as have only very brief talks *all the time*. (Please keep in mind that special circumstances may make a sermonette imperative on some occasions.)

A very important factor in enjoying a sermon or any other lecture is the desire to learn and enjoy. The most faulty delivery and the most halting speech will be scarcely noticed by the listener who is intent on getting all he can from the sermon. Supposing, then, that at the announcement of the preacher's text, all are eager to follow the discourse, our rules of etiquette demand simply that we do nothing to disturb or annoy our neighbor. Incidentally, it will be found that the audience's attention and interest react immediately and surprisingly on the speaker. He warms up to his hearers and becomes naturally eloquent, whereas a listless, yawning audience dampens whatever enthusiasm for his theme the speaker may have had. This works in a circle, of course. The more attentive the audience, the better the speaker; the better the speaker, the more attentive the audience.

The best way to show attention and interest is by looking directly at the speaker. It is flattering to any preacher to have one of his congregation slide along the pew until he can see the speaker, or to find a man or woman slightly inclined forward to catch every word. When a speaker begins to preach, this attention may be given largely out of curiosity, but if it is to produce the best that is in the speaker it must continue. Only rarely is a speaker found who is embarrassed by the gaze of his listeners.

Comparisons are often odious, and perhaps other speakers will not agree in the observation I am about to make, but I have found men as a rule considerably more attentive during a sermon than women. At least they appear to be so. But when men are not attentive—particularly young men—they can make themselves a nuisance. At the beginning of the sermon in a certain church known to the writer, a group of young men invariably repair to the vestibule, which in this case is a stairway landing, and there seat

themselves on the wide window sill, smoking and talking through the entire sermon. Now and then one finds a similar condition when he glances toward the choir loft, where even the colored comics may be in evidence. Choir members may easily forget that they, too, are part of the congregation and as such are in the preacher's audience.

The distractions during a sermon may range all the way from a silent but well-proportioned yawn to the passing of a fire truck. They vary with the season; they vary with the parishes; they vary with the individuals. The writer has seen a young woman in one end of a pew flirting with a soldier in the other end; he has seen a person go to a votive stand and light a candle during the sermon; he has seen what looked suspiciously like a card game going on in the gallery during a sermon. These are exceptional, of course. Let us limit ourselves to the ordinary disturbances with the hope that here and there an unconscious offender may be made aware of his fault.

1. Late-comers could perhaps find seats near the entrance of the church until after the sermon; the faces and eyes of an average congregation as a person walks down the aisle, resemble those of tennis match spectators in their uniform movements and singleness of object.

2. One should try to remain throughout the sermon unless urgently compelled to leave. However, a person who begins to feel sick or faint will cause less disturbance by leaving at once than by being carried out later.

3. Coughing is a great source of annoyance and largely unnecessary. Children are particularly thoughtless in this matter. Often a slight clearing of the throat will make the cough unnecessary. If the cough persists and cannot be muffled, the speaker and the congregation will appreciate the relief and at the same time sympathize with the man or woman who leaves until the cough is checked. If this suggestion were followed in the winter months, possibly a large number would be leaving, but in reality much of the coughing

is suggested merely by hearing others cough, and can be stopped as easily.

4. One source of disturbance rather hard to control is the crying of infants. Fortunately nearly everyone understands the plight of the embarrassed mother and can overlook the annoyance. If the weather is clement or if there is a nursery room annexed to the church, the mother may take the child out. The speaker himself is probably not as much disturbed by the crying of the child as by the persons who make goo-goo eyes at an infant, tickle its chin, and play with its toes during the sermon. It is not the baby that disturbs but the adults who entertain the baby.

5. Fidgeting, drumming, twirling rosary beads, clipping finger nails, primping, pulling out a watch—these are sources of great annoyance, sometimes much more than is thought. One preacher says he was not disturbed so much when a member of his congregation kept looking at his watch as he was when the man shook his watch and held it to his ear.

Another preacher felt greatly complimented at a member of his audience hard of hearing, who took out her hearing apparatus and started listening. But when she uncoupled it after a few minutes and put it away, his elation gave way to disappointment.

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, has just given his Imprimatur for a new Prayer of the Crusaders for More Fruitful Preaching and Hearing of the Word of God.

The Prayer was inspired by the shocking number of divorces,—by the growth of Juvenile Delinquency, and the religious indifference shown in most of the Post War Planning of leading political groups.

Therefore the Prayer touches vital needs of our time: the strengthening of Christian Family Life and the Religious Education of our growing children. They must be well prepared to take the place in the great struggle which is going on to determine whether Christianity or Paganism will triumph in this world.

The prayer is printed on page 219.

Come, Holy Spirit

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.



(Continued)

7. O best Comforter!

SAD PILGRIMS through this vale of tears, we are very much in need of consolation because of the manifold evils that rob us of comfort and joy. Such evils are: sin, temptation, that disposes us to commit sin, doubt, uncertainty, discouragement, dryness of soul, homesickness for our heavenly home, bodily sufferings, and, finally, death.

In all these evils the Holy Spirit comes to us as our best Comforter. He consoles us by means of the Sacred Scriptures. "For whatever things have been written, have been written for our instruction, that through patience and the consolation afforded by the Scriptures we may have hope" (Rom. 15:4). In these inspired writings we shall find the solution to all the riddles of life, the goal for which we are to strive, as well as the true way to reach it. The Holy Spirit comforts us by means of the holy Sacraments, in which He pardons the sins we have committed, and shields us against future sins. He consoles us by actual graces which enlighten our mind, move our will, and give it courage and joy. He consoles us by the thought of heaven, our true home where we shall enjoy the reward of our good works. Finally, He comforts us through Jesus and Mary, whom He has made so powerful, so loving, and so helpful to us. Hence we must seek our comfort from this Fountain of all consolation, for we cannot live without comfort. A disconsolate state of mind is not only hard to bear but can also be the cause of sins and imperfections. Therefore Holy Mother Church often prays that we may enjoy the consolation of the Holy Spirit.

8. O sweet Guest of the soul!

These words indicate why the Holy Spirit is the "best Comforter." He dwells as "Guest" in a soul in the state of sanctifying grace, and that, too, personally, not only mediately by His gifts and graces. "Do you not know that your members are the temple of the Holy Spirit Who is in you?" (I Cor. 6:19). And, "The charity of God is poured

The Sequence *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, used in the Mass for Pentecost and the octave, is one of the most beautiful of all ecclesiastical hymns. It is probably the composition of Pope Innocent III (1198-1216). Last month the first six verses were explained. Here the remaining verses are given.

forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit Who has been given to us" (Rom. 5:5).

This indwelling of the Holy Spirit affords us many advantages. In the first place it makes us resemble the Bl. Trinity in a supernatural way, for God now dwells within us. Secondly, it affords us great honor and great joy, for we have a palpable proof of how much God honors and loves us. Thirdly, it enriches us with the greatest gifts, with supernatural merit for our good works, and with the special benevolence and protection of God. Finally, it grants us a pledge of our eternal blessedness in heaven. Essentially we shall not have more in heaven than we have now—to be immersed in God; only there we shall enjoy God in a more perfect manner and be united to Him inseparably.

Our duties with regard to this dear Guest of our soul consist, not merely in receiving Him into our hearts, but also in showing Him due respect and honor. We must take care not to drive Him from our hearts. He can be driven out by mortal sin, since now He is merely a Guest, and so sin becomes a personal offence against Him. We must not grieve Him by venial sins, by lack of attention or of love. On the contrary we must use every means to show Him all honor, service, and love, for He is an amiable Guest, yes, Amiability itself.

9. O sweet Refreshment!

The Holy Spirit is not merely our Guest, but He also serves our refreshment. This He does in a threefold manner. First, He refreshes us during our life, which is a weary pilgrimage, similar to the wanderings of the people of Israel through the wilderness. As God then granted His people refreshment by means of the shade caused by the pillar of a cloud and the refreshing torrent of water from the rock, so also the Holy Spirit refreshes us by His consolations. Water and clouds are a symbol of the Holy Spirit, for, as a refreshing and at the same time invigorating Breath of the Godhead, He is according to His nature a living comfort and refreshment.

In the second place, the Holy Spirit refreshes us also in Purgatory. Whilst He "by the spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning" (Is. 4:4) cleanses us from our stains, He refreshes us by means of holy patience, just love of God, and by the desire to appease God perfectly by enduring the merited punishment. At the same time He inspires persons on earth to come to our aid by their works of satisfaction. In this way the Holy Spirit is really a "burning refreshment" as St. Hildegard styles Him.

Lastly, in heaven the Holy Spirit refreshes us by rapturous love and joy. As there the Son of God, by communicating to us His light of glory, becomes our "perpetual light," so the Holy Spirit, by granting us His peace, becomes our "eternal rest."

10. *Thou Rest in labor!*

The manner in which the Holy Spirit is our comfort and refreshment is explained in this and the two following titles.

In the earthly paradise work was an agreeable occupation; after man's sin, it became a punishment, and is often a heavy cross. The Holy Ghost eases this burden that weighs down all sons of Adam in the following manner. First, He lightens the burden by the divine decree: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken" (Gen. 3:19). Work is God's command and is demanded by our noble nature. Secondly, He makes work easy by granting talent and skill, and by overcoming our tendency to idleness, discouragement, and disgust by His actual graces on the one hand, and, on the other by moderating the immoderate tendency to give ourselves completely to exterior occupations, so that these do not hinder the salvation of our soul and our striving for interior perfection. For, the Holy Spirit is the author of regulated activity, which begins with God and the salvation of souls, passes to exterior works, and then returns again to God and spiritual activity. In this way He really becomes "Rest in Labor" personified. Thirdly, He makes work agreeable to us by the promise of a reward. The reward of our labor, performed with the sole purpose of pleasing God by doing His Will, has as its reward—satisfaction for the punishment due to past sins, prevention of future sins, supernatural merit, the ability to do much for the Kingdom of Christ and the support of the poor, and, finally, the eternal reward in heaven. Thus the Holy Spirit teaches us how to enjoy refreshing rest in the midst of most arduous toil.

11. *O Coolness in heat!*

The second trial of our earthly life is the many-sided combat that causes us hours and days of oppressive heat. This combat is threefold. The first is the war we must wage against the violence of our inordinate passions or tendencies to evil. The Holy Spirit appeases this conflict above all by means of the cardinal virtues of temperance and fortitude, which make us strong against intemperance, impurity, pride, and fear. Then, by means of the gift of the fear of the Lord, which penetrates us with deep reverence in the presence of God and in this way tames the dissoluteness of our sensual nature.

Another battle we must wage comes from the manifold temptations of the evil spirit, and which often prove very dangerous and even fatal. The Holy Spirit makes this combat bearable and crowned with victory by His benign protection and the assistance of His grace, by granting us fearless courage and undaunted perseverance, at times, even by an external warding off of the threatening danger.

The third contest that we have to wage is against many external vexations and persecutions. Internal and external peace make us victorious over this type of conflict also. Interior peace consists in the joy of a good conscience, and in the readiness and joy to suffer something for the glory of God. External peace consists in the rest of pleasant and happy days that follow the harrowing days of conflict. This twofold peace is the effect and gift of the Holy Spirit, Who consoles us by His presence, and Who plans and directs the external course of our life by His providence. Often His solace is greatest when the conflict is fiercest. St. Paul could say: "I am filled with comfort, I overflow with joy in all our troubles" (2 Cor. 7:4). How wonderfully the Holy Spirit assisted in their torments those who have been tortured for professing the true Faith—a St. Lawrence, St. Lucy, and other holy martyrs!

12. *O Solace in sorrow!*

The third misery of our mortal life is sorrow, pain, and tears shed over the loss of some precious good, or a dear one. Among the many useless, bitter, and hopeless tears shed in this life there are also holy, sweet, and precious tears. These may be called tears of the Holy Spirit. Such tears are, above all, the precious and sweet tears of repentance for our sins. They wash away the guilt of sin, comfort the sinner in his misery, and move and appease Almighty God. Contrition, trust, and love are the cause of their beauty and their worth.

The second kind of tears are those of compassion for the sorrows of our neighbor, tears shed when meditating on the Passion of Christ and over the offences committed against Him. To the third class belong tears of joy, shed at the thought of God and heavenly things, tears of longing for heaven.

These tears are a wonderful revelation of the Holy Spirit. How enrapturing must He be if He can change tears, the bitterest things here below, into such sweetness and joy! He is the Author of the gift of tears. He who desires this gift, that has been given to the saints, must often recommend himself to the Holy Spirit, and carefully avoid all hardness of heart, all pride, sensuality, dissipation, and uncharitableness.

13. *O most blessed Light!*

This title contains a sublime address to the Holy Spirit; the second verse a corresponding petition; whilst the third gives the reason for this petition.

This form of address is nothing less than an acknowledgement of the divinity of the Holy Spirit. According to St. John (1:4), God alone is the Light: "In Him was life, and the life was the Light of men." Creatures merely reflect this light by being recipient images of it. But the Son is also Light, therefore the Holy Spirit is said to be the "blessed and beautifying Light," that is, the Light in as far as it is good and lovely, as it pleases, and gives forth refreshing warmth and life. The Holy Spirit does that in the Godhead as infinite Breath (Spirit) of rapturous love and joy, and, exteriorly, as all-penetrating, all-warming and invigorating breath of life. All creatures live and move in His sunny light and drink in the joy of living and courage from this golden cup. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole earth" (Wisd. 1:2).

14. *Fill the depths of the hearts.*

15. *Of Thy faithful.*

The truth of the all-pervading power of the Holy Spirit is made manifest in man,—the crown, the soul of material creation, a little world in himself. Even in a material way the Holy Spirit fills man since He is the author of his physical life, of his spiritual development, of his activity in and dominion over nature and his social life. But in a much higher sense does the Holy Spirit fill man in his supernatural life. There He indeed penetrates, enlivens and perfects everything, even the deepest and innermost powers of man. By means of sanctifying grace He penetrates into the essence and very depth of the human soul and imparts

(Cont. on page 222)



Skin Deep---

Marie Lauck

Illustration by Margaret Reynolds Bowler

Suddenly his face, stiff in horror, cracked in mirth, unfunny mirth.

JIM'S face was a study. His earnest brown eyes searched mine a moment before he spoke and when he did, it was with a voice deeper than his usual tone. "Stop me if you've heard this one, Marie—" he began. Then, "No, don't you dare stop me. I'll bet you've heard it, or something like it lots of times. But it's a sort of revelation—maybe an act of Providence—to me. And, well darn it, you ought to be saying 'I told you so!'"

Grinning, I waited. Jim's the neighbor lad who doesn't have an older sister like my brothers have. My brothers are all gone now. But Jim's been turned down by every branch of the Service except the Labor Front. He does his share, more than his share. But he's young and he's impressionable and he hasn't anyone to shake a chiding finger at him but me. I started doing it years ago when he was neighborhood bad boy, and he started out by trying to "get my goat." Before long he realized there were more ways than one to skin a cat. But he was by then enjoying the commission of small errands and reveling in the capacity of generally liked handy-man of the community before he realized he had unwittingly reversed his reputation. And he had gotten into a nasty rut, as he put it, and never had the gumption to pull any more objectionable stunts.

I was thinking these things and was, for a moment, becoming aware of myself instead of Jim. My hair should be graying, I thought. Jim, here, was growing up. His mischievous eyes were som-

ber and thoughtful. His lank and awkward frame had grown powerful and manly.

"You used to say beauty was only skin deep, Marie," Jim was saying. "You used to tell me to look for the hidden beauties. You used to say virtue was harder to find just as it was harder to be virtuous, and that materialism is pleasurable perhaps because it is so obvious—its ease so apparent, whereas peace of mind is intangible."

"I am beginning to see why you said those things, Marie. You always liked little Marjorie Stebbins, didn't you? But I always stumbled over her and wished she hadn't been in my way. I never looked twice at her, or observed if there were anything other than utter plainness about her. Majorie keeps her hair trim and wears simple things and works like mad. Of course she takes care of her ailing dad, and has to keep her own things clean, but I never thought of that. I used to wonder why she never thought of putting a ruffle on her collar or wore more lipstick, or—or fluff her hair out long and grand. You know, glamor stuff."

This was all a bit repetitious. Jim had told me these things before. But there was, I noted, a different angle to his concept. A trace of trying to remember platitudes and believing them for the first time. Patiently, I waited.

A moment's silence weighed. Jim searched my face. "Did you know I haven't seen Marjorie for several weeks?" he asked. "No? Well, I've been in love."

I tried not to show too much surprise. But it was nonetheless a surprise. Jim *had* grown up. I could feel wrinkles fairly starting out on my aging face.

"—no," Jim hastily added, "not in love with Marge. But I believe I am, suddenly, in love with Marge. I believe I always was, but I didn't know it. Like you always said, you don't recognize virtue because it's hidden. . . . Marge is virtue," reverently, almost, Jim was speaking.

This began to look like a soliloquy. But being in the dark concerning its import, I tried to look intelligent and to nod brightly at the expected places. It was no time to ask questions and deviate his line of thought.

Jim went on, finally: "I've been in love. Betty is her name. She is gay and sparkling. Made you want to grab some of her sunlight and make it your own. I knew she didn't help out at home, but she used to say she was earning her own way and didn't need to get dishwater hands. She wore gay, girlie things—knew all the night spots—and she,—she had a halo of flowing hair. . . .y'know, glamor stuff. It sure looked pretty."

Jim's continued observations on hair nonplussed me. My own "halo" is not glamorous and its strands of silver, in my mind's eye, burst into a full-blown whitening mop.

"That cascade of hair got me. I don't mind telling you that every time I got near Betty I wanted to hold her gorgeous head in my hands and just to look at her. I had it bad, I can tell you. Well, last night I took her to Riverside. You know, bright lights and cozy nooks, all at your beck and call." Jim shivered. It was becoming so involved that I hoped Jim was soon coming to a point.

Jim suddenly looked squarely at me. "And *that* did it."

My jaw dropped. My insteps felt the impact. For all of me, the story had not begun, but here was Jim, abruptly ending it. "Yes?" I hinted, gathering the unslung jaw back into place and manipulating it experimentally, "Yes?"

Suddenly a flood of realization was upon me. I remembered everything you ever said. I knew cleanliness was next to godliness. I knew beauty was skin deep. I knew—Oh, I think I knew everything. For a moment there I was a regular sage—a worldly-wise, disillusioned man, suddenly aware of the virtues and the vices. Do you think Marjorie would have me if I asked her? I'm making good money, Marie. She could quit her job and I'll bet she'd like staying at home. Her dad's been worse lately. I'll bet she'd even like keeping my shirts clean—" As suddenly as it had begun, his swift current of words cut off and Jim was ruefully glancing at his working shirt. To me it looked clean, if somewhat mussed.

"Jim," I couldn't help myself. Maybe my intelligence was faulty. But I just hadn't grasped his story. "Jim, were you all through—I mean, just *what* did it, at Riverside?"

"What—why, the bright lights and the cozy nooks! The—well, I told you I was in love. I—I—well, I had always been so attracted to Betty's flowing tresses. I seized my opportunity. I was telling her how much I cared, how much she meant to me, how lovely she was, how beautiful her hair was. . . . I buried my lips in her hair. . . ."

Jim halted. There was no ecstasy in his expression. Only horror.

"...in her hair," he repeated flatly. Suddenly his face, stiff in horror, cracked into mirth, unfunny mirth. "Funny. It is funny, now," he ventured, "but it sure wasn't last night." With a faint shudder he muttered, "lice!"

I must have looked unconvinced. Truth to tell, I wasn't convinced.

"Her hair," he cried, "in the beautiful nest of hair! Don't you see the picture? Glory, glamor, carefully groomed to dazzle the fellows! And lousy! I was dazzled—but I wasn't blind!" Observing perhaps a disbelieving gaze from me, Jim tried desperately to picture his experience: "Imagine the irony," he was saying, "of the hours that girl spent beautifying a veritable nest of lice: If she had any sense she'd have—well, gee whiz, a shaven stark-bare head would be more attractive, wouldn't it?"

* * *

Jim had gone. His tale seemed unreal. This is the twentieth century, not the world of Robert-asithers-see-us-Burns, nor the louse-on-her-neck-Robert-Service. I hadn't thought things like that happened in this world of Lifebuoy and Lysol. But in any case, it was the needed act of Providence that came to enlighten young Jim.

I tried to imagine, as Jim had asked me to, a girl who could possibly remain ignorant of infested hair, while spending fruitless hours on the charm qualities of that very hair. And suddenly I found myself wondering if most of us don't overlook our most glaring vices while we are busy grooming ourselves to meet the public eye! Maybe not lice, —but often vice might stare back at us if we could see in our mirrors what perhaps our neighbors see in us. Jim has said virtue was hidden. Socrates said "know thyself." I looked long into the mirror and wished I might know myself well enough to hide the vices, and unearth a few forgotten virtues!

LITTLE QUEEN



Therese Martin, April 8, 1888, the day before her entrance into the Carmel of Lisieux, at the age of 15 years and 3 months.

INTRODUCTION

You have heard of me. You have seen my pictures and medals. Maybe you have even said some prayers in my honor. After all, God has made me known to children as well as to older people. And why? So that I may tell them about the little way I followed while on earth, the little way that led me to love Him with all my heart. What if I have been dead since September 30, 1897? I still work for God. I will bring Him thousands of souls every day, souls who were afraid of Him at first, afraid of His Will, but now are eager to do everything He asks just because I showed them how to love Him.

How can I do such work? Mainly through a book I wrote a short while before I died. This book is called "The Story of a Soul." I wrote it in French, my native language. Today "The Story of a Soul" has been translated into thirty-five other languages. Maybe a copy of this book is in your home, or at school. I hope so, for this book is a good one. It tells how I became a saint. It will help you to become a saint, too.

When you are older you will read "The Story of a Soul." In the meantime, here is another story for you to read. It will tell you about me—a French girl who was called Mary Frances Therese Martin in Baptism and who later received another name: *Saint Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face.*

THE STORY of SAINT THERESE of the Child Jesus

for Children

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Elaine Davis

CHAPTER TWO

PRESENTLY the doctor announced that it was no longer necessary for Rose Taillé to look after me. I was now strong and well and could return home to Alençon. Mama was delighted at the news and Papa also. He began to call me by a pet name, "little Queen," and never tired of holding me in his arms. One day he told Mama he was going to build a swing for me in the back yard.

"A swing? But Therese is too young for that!" cried Mama. "She's only eighteen months old."

Papa just laughed. "The little one will love a swing," he said. "Then she can fly through the air like an angel."

Mama had no use for such an idea but finally had to agree that Papa had been right. Her little Mary Frances Therese liked nothing better than to be taken out to the swing. One day she wrote a letter to my two big sisters, Mary and Pauline, who were at boarding school in Le Mans.

"Therese acts just like an older child. There is no danger that she will let go the rope. When the swing is not going high enough, she calls out to us. Then we tie a cord in front to keep her from falling off."

Mama was anxious that her five children grow up to be good Catholics. She taught us prayers when we were still very small and took great pleasure in telling us about God and Heaven. One day, when I was about three years old, I looked at her seriously.

"Mama, I want you to die. And Papa, too."

Such words caused Mama to stare at me in amazement. "What a thing to say, Therese! Don't you love me? Don't you love your good father who does so many nice things for you?"

I nodded. "Yes, but I want you to go to Heaven. People have to die before they can do that."

Papa was very much amused at my remark. "Therese is going to be a clever girl when she grows up," he said. "And she's going to be pretty, too. Aren't you, little Queen?"

Mama shook her head. "You'll spoil the child if you are not careful," she warned. "She has lots of pride."

"Pride? This baby?"

"That's right. Therese, tell Papa what you said to me the other day when I offered you a penny."

I climbed onto my father's lap. "Mama said I could have a penny if I kissed the ground," I explained. "But I didn't want the penny that much, Papa. I wouldn't kiss the ground for anything. It's too dirty."

At the expression on my face Papa burst into hearty laughter. "Now I know why I call you my little Queen," he said. "You act just like a real one. And I love you for it."

Before her marriage, Mama had learned how to make beautiful lace. She still kept busy with such work and employed several women to help her. They labored in their own homes and brought in their pieces of lace at regular intervals. Mama put together sections of these in attractive patterns and many people agreed there was no better lace to be found anywhere. They gave Mama so many orders that finally Papa decided to stop being a watchmaker and jeweler. He would help Mama with the lace business, which was growing larger every day. As a result, we soon had quite a lot of money in the bank. This was a good thing, for it allowed us to help the poor in many ways. But it also put strange ideas in some people's heads.

"Louis Martin is becoming quite an important man," they told one another. "Probably his daughters will be able to go into real society when they grow up."

"Yes," was the answer. "They are pretty girls. They won't have any trouble in finding themselves good husbands."

Alas! These people never dreamed that God would call us children to a very different kind of life. They did not know that already Pauline was thinking of being a nun; that I, loving this big sister so much, had also decided to be a nun. Of course I was too young to understand what this really meant, but still I felt all things were possible to me. Wasn't I Papa's "little Queen"? Of course!

Time passed, Mary finished her studies at the Visitation convent in Le Mans and returned home. She was fifteen years old and it was decided she could teach Celine how to read and write. This little sister was six years old and my favorite playmate. We had never been separated. Now, however, Celine was taken away for lessons and I had to be alone for hours at a time. This nearly broke my heart.

"Please let me have lessons, too!" I begged Mama. "Let me sit in the room when Mary teaches Celine."

Mama thought I was too small. She explained that reading and writing are not meant for little girls of three. Seeing my tears, Papa settled things by saying I could stay in the room if I was very quiet and did not disturb my sisters. I promised eagerly and my love for Papa reached new heights. He was so good! He would do anything to make his little Queen happy!

Mary was not too pleased when she heard I was to be present at Celine's lessons. Some days she shut the door of her room, knowing I was too small to open it myself and that my pride would never let me ask for help. But this did not keep me back. Whenever I found Mary's door shut I would lie down outside, not in tears, but very solemn and



Therese acts just like an older child.

hurt. I knew that finally someone would come along and find me. They would be very touched at my disappointment. They would make a big fuss over me and say what a pity it was that Mary was so hard-hearted. But this happened only a few times, for one day Mary told me it was not right to act in such a way.

"You are grieving the little Jesus," she said kindly.

I was shocked. I had no wish to commit sins. I wanted to do just those things which would please the Christ Child.

"I'm sorry," I told Mary. "I won't be bad any more."

After this I often thought of the things I had done which must have hurt the Christ Child. There were many of these, and most occurred because of my temper and my pride. For instance, much as I loved Celine, I sometimes grew cross with her when we were playing and she did not let me have my way. I slapped and pushed her. I stamped my foot. Then there was the dreadful day when I had been rude to Papa. While I was swinging in the garden, he had called out to me to come and give him a kiss.

"You'll have to come and get it yourself," I replied, and went on with my swinging. A few seconds later I realized what I had done. I got down from the swing with many tears and sobs and ran after Papa. Seeing I was sorry, he smiled and told me not to worry any more. Wasn't I his little Queen? Weren't we the best of friends?

There was another black mark for me to remember. One morning as Mama was going to Mass, she stopped by my bed to see how I was. It was very early and I pretended to be asleep so that she would not try to kiss me. Mary guessed the truth, however.

"I'm sure Therese is only pretending," she said. "She's really awake, Mama."

Hearing this, I hid under the sheet. "I don't want anyone to look at me," I said crossly. "I want to be left alone."

This was acting like a spoiled child, and Mama was very disappointed. She told me so and then went downstairs without kissing me good-bye. As had happened before, grief filled my heart an instant later and I ran after her to say I was sorry. Of course she forgave me at once, just as Papa had done, but such kindness could not alter the fact that I had been bad. I should have to change my ways if I wanted to go to Heaven.

When one is three years old, one's thoughts are very simple. In a little while I had arrived at a solution of my problem. A saint is a person who

loves God and always says "Yes" to Him. Well, that would be my plan. I would always say "Yes" to God. Whenever He suggested that I obey my parents and sisters, be willing and cheerful about the house, I would say "Yes." It would be hard sometimes, of course, but I was such a little thing that God would help me over the rough places.

No one learned of my new thought and at first there seemed to be little change in me. I still liked having my own way. I still liked having pretty clothes and other nice things. When Leona came to Celine and me one day with a big basket of playthings which she had outgrown, I was overjoyed.

"Here," said this big sister, setting down the basket, "you two are still children. I'm going to let you have all these old toys. Since you're the older, Celine, you can have first choice."

Celine's blue eyes looked long and lovingly at the sudden wealth. A doll, doll clothes, pieces of colored silk and many other wonderful things were in the basket. Finally she picked up a ball.

"Could I have this, Leona?"

"Of course. Now it's your turn, Therese."

I spent no time in making a choice. I reached out both arms and hugged the basket to my heart. "I choose everything!" I cried, and with an air of triumph marched out of the room with my new treasures.

Shortly after my fourth birthday, Mama received a letter from Le Mans. It told of the death of her sister, a holy nun in the Visitation convent there. Naturally Mama was saddened by this news. She and Sister Mary Dosithée had always been very dear friends. Now they would never see each other again in this world.

"Children, I want you to pray to your aunt for a very special intention," Mama told us one day. "I'm sure she is in Heaven now. She will be glad to make me happy by answering your prayers."

Celine and I obeyed, likewise Mary and Leona and Pauline. I said "Yes" to God many times, wondering what the special intention could be. Perhaps it had something to do with the sadness in Mama's eyes, I thought, for though I was only four years old I knew a change had come over our happy home. Papa no longer smiled as in the old days. The maid Louise often cried when she thought no one was watching.

Presently Mama went to visit her brother in Lisieux. This brother, Isidore Guerin, was a very wise man. He owned a chemist shop and people often came to him with their troubles. How I hoped he could help Mama with hers! But when

she returned to Alençon, I knew that Uncle Isidore had not been able to do anything.

"What is it?" I wondered sadly. "What is wrong with Mama?" Then Papa solved the mystery. Mama was sick, very sick. And she was suffering great pain.

"Ask God to cure her!" he begged. "Offer Him all your actions during the day. Don't let an hour go by without making some sacrifice for our great intention."

Celine and I prayed very hard. Mary had given each of us some beads which could be moved forward on their chain. She had brought these to us from the Visitation convent at Le Mans. Celine and I became very busy with these beads. Each time we made a sacrifice, or offered some very special prayer, we pushed forward a bead.

"How hard we are praying for Mama!" Celine said one day. "Do you think God is going to hear us?"

I nodded. Long ago I had heard Pauline say that no prayer ever goes unanswered. In a little while God would give Mama good health. There was no need to worry.

In the middle of June, Mama decided to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Mary, Pauline and Leona

were to accompany her. They would beg the Blessed Virgin to grant our mother the gift of health. Naturally Celine and I wanted to visit the beautiful shrine, too. We could have shed bitter tears at not being invited, but Papa's sorrowful face was too much for us. We did not want to add to his grief.

"We'll pray for you at home, Mama," said Celine earnestly. "The Blessed Virgin will hear us." Mama gave her a bright glance, then turned to me. "God bless you, darlings," she murmured. "I'll be back in a little while."

The next few days were lonely ones. Papa spent long hours in church, while Celine and I continued to make sacrifices and offer many prayers for the intention so close to our hearts. On the day of Mama's return, we went with Papa to the station in great excitement. Surely our prayers and sacrifices had not been in vain! Surely we could have a happy home once more! Then came the disappointing news. Mama was still sick. She was going to die.

"But you mustn't worry," she told us kindly. "The Blessed Virgin has said to me as she said to Bernadette: 'I will make you happy not in this world but in the next.'"

(To be continued)

The Glories of Mary Rose Ferron

O. A. Boyer, S.T.L.

Until the Church officially pronounces on the events narrated here we decline to call them miraculous; yet, the power of Rose Mary Ferron seems to be manifested in these triumphs of faith. These extraordinary events are well attested as facts by reliable and trustworthy witnesses.

THE FIRST is most amazing, though brief in telling. The second vibrates with drama. The third, since we have much testimony in its regard, holds interest in its every detail.

SUDDEN CURE OF DYING WOMAN

Mrs. A. D. Allard of Providence, Rhode Island, stricken in May, 1934, lay ill for two weeks without taking food or water. Both of the doctors consulted gave no hope for recovery, which brought tears to all the family, especially when the doctors announced that death would ensue in a matter of hours. Three years had passed since Little Rose had healed Mrs. Allard's daughter Clara of a

nervous sickness and had given her a red ribbon of the Precious Blood; fifteen months later, however, the young lady had died, and the ribbon was lost at the hospital. In the last hours which remained for Mrs. Allard to live she had a dream. The daughter, who was dead, came and fastened the familiar lost ribbon around her head, saying, "Promise, mother, to carry this red ribbon of Little Rose around your head for six hours without removing it, and tell the others what has happened."

In the morning members of the family were surprised to find Mrs. Allard sitting on the edge of her bed, the ribbon tied around her head. She immediately explained what had happened in the vision. In three days she was up and about.

ANOTHER SUDDEN CURE

A nurse of many years' experience, and a non-Catholic, testifies to this second cure, which also took place in Providence, Rhode Island. Mrs. Earnest Y. Provost had fallen sick on the twentieth of January in 1936, the illness being called extreme exhaustion. Eating, breathing, and digestion were almost impossible, so that in the course of the sickness Mrs. Provost lost fifty pounds. In March, in answer to a prayer to Little Rose for some miraculous beads which she had loaned Mrs. Provost on a former occasion, the beads were brought to the door by a stranger. This gave her courage, although the illness remained and even increased so that on the first of August her extreme weakness prompted her nurse to call to the doctor, and death was expected any moment that evening.

On this same day two ladies had visited the grave of Little Rose in Woonsocket. One, Mrs. Bennett, being a friend of Mrs. Provost, took her a flower from the grave. When she placed the flower on Mrs. Provost's stomach, where the pain was greatest, the patient fainted away, but regained consciousness when it was placed on her lips. Her heart began to beat so intensely that the seven persons present could see the sheet rising with the pulsation. Mrs. Provost could not speak to convey her wonderful feelings to them, although she felt the return of life and an extraordinary lightness; but she heard a voice saying, "Move the flower all over your pains." This she did with difficulty, weakness making the flower seem heavy. Later the same voice was heard in a loud tone: "Get up and walk." After a few signs to her husband, Mrs. Provost was lifted from the bed and began to walk across the room alone, crying, "Miracle! Miracle! I am able to walk, I am healed!" The next morning she ate a hearty breakfast and continued to regain her strength thereafter.

CRIPPLED MAN INSTANTLY CURED

The cure of Amos Duval, concerning which we have many letters of testimony, is attributed to the intercession of both St. Joseph and Mary Rose Ferron. Mr. Duval had been stricken with a sudden paralysis of his left side, and, although he prayed at the shrine of St. Joseph in Montreal and at the grave of Mary Rose Ferron, his prayer for a cure was not answered until he visited the church of St. Edmund in Ellenburg, N.Y., urged there by some mysterious force. First he visited the rectory to obtain some novena leaflets of Little Rose. The assistant priest, Father L. Geoffrion, gave them to Mr.

Duval and accompanied him to the church, returning immediately to a catechism class in the rectory. A few nuns were present, and one, Sister Rose Angeline, looking out the window some time later, was so struck by the attitude of a man coming down the church steps that she said aloud, "That man moves like a child who is learning how to walk." Soon afterwards Mr. Duval appeared at the door in great excitement. Father Geoffrion calmed him and called others to hear the story.

"I was praying at St. Joseph's altar. I placed in my lame hand the Relic of St. Joseph and a little packet which contained some sand taken from the grave of Little Rose. I heard three knocks on the church where the holy water font is. I believed that it was someone outside." (At eight o'clock no one was around the church.) "After this, I felt something like a chill. No, no, I can't tell you, it was like something that was working in all my body, and I started sweating. As I felt weak, I thought it was better for me to go, so I started to take my relics in my crippled hand. To my surprise, I saw that I could open it and move it very easily. My surprise was even greater when I stood up and saw that my leg was as well as my hand. So I walked up the steps of the altar; I hung my cane on the side of the altar where I heard the three knocks. You will find it there . . ."

While telling the story Mr. Duval walked around and used his hand for various everyday actions to show how completely he had been cured. The testimony of those who were present just then, and of those who later heard the story from Mr. Duval all ring with the enthusiasm of the man who loved to demonstrate how he could manipulate his left arm and hand, how he could walk with ease, using limbs that were so useless before.

Thus St. Joseph and Mary Rose Ferron share in the glory of a wonderful cure wrought on a man who had equal confidence in both. The present writer, furthering the knowledge of and interest in the case of Little Rose was absent at the time; Mr. Duval came to the rectory first, where, in the presence of Father Geoffrion and two nuns, he indicated that he had been feeling tired, and dragged himself with difficulty, for his hand and leg were feeble—as if to give extra proof of the great change which was to come about in the moments that followed. His prayer before the altar of St. Joseph was simple and edifying: "I have been a wretched sinner and no good, but if you see fit to cure me, I shall spend my life in prayers of thanksgiving, but if not I shall pray just the same in atonement for my past life and suffer in patience until the end."

Scouting and Character Building

Ralph J. Schoettle

WHEN THE vast global war is over, a weary and war-torn world will look to the youth of today for its future. They will be the leaders upon which both the Church and the State will depend, and upon them will fall the task of rebuilding civilization. To meet their grave responsibilities as future citizens, these boys need now, in their formative years, the best possible education and character training that we can give them. Our Catholic schools provide fine educational facilities but, today, in the surroundings and circumstances of the home, youth is confronted with radical changes, dangerous to his welfare. Many do not receive the supervision and character training that once was theirs. Added to this, the modern boy has a tremendous amount of time on his hands. It is in this leisure time, between his school and the all-too-few hours spent at home, that guidance is sorely needed. His character is deeply affected by the companionship and by the program he follows in these leisure hours. The Boy Scouts of America offers for our use a program which boys like. Under Catholic auspices, it is proving to be one of the most effective means in the formation of character—to supplement the home, Church and school.

What does Scouting offer a boy? It offers, first, a program that appeals to the boy. At the same time, it provides wholesome companionship and worthwhile things for the boy to do during these most formative years. In the words of Dr. James E. West, first Chief Scout Executive: "The Scout method of developing character is not by preachment. It is through the Scout Oath and Law, the daily Good Turn and the system of Learning by Doing that Scouting gives the boy opportunities to express himself through directed activity, responsibility and a program that appeals to the man in him. It develops a high regard for integrity by reason of its appeal to his imagination. This is done through the Scout Oath and Law. The Scout feels that he is a successor to the high principled knights of chivalry, to the pioneer Scout who made our country's early history."

Scouting helps the boy to develop himself mentally, morally, physically and, above all, spiritually. Through Scouting's long-span program (from Cubbing, at the age of nine, to Senior Scouting for the older boy) the Scout has ample opportunity to discover his vocational ability. The Merit Badge program deals with over 100 subjects having to do with the trades, professions and hobbies. Scouting gives him a wholesome health pro-



gram that helps to make and keep him fit. Through the Scout's Oath and Law he receives a high moral code, which he must put into practice during his life as a Scout.

The Scout's first duty is to God. But Scouting, because it is used by all religious groups, wisely leaves the boy's specific religious training to his Church. The Boy Scouts of America "maintains that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God." But it does not seek to add the religious side to the program. It insists, and rightly so, that this is the duty of the Church. It offers its fullest cooperation to the leaders of the Church, in their efforts to 'add the supernatural' to the naturally good program of Scouting. The Catholic boy will find in the Catholic Scout Troop, Catholic Action translated into terms which he can understand. As a Scout he finds this duty to God interpreted in many ways. Whether attending monthly corporate Communion in uniform, participating in Scout Retreats, ushering at parish functions or offering prayer at the opening and close of a Troop Meeting, a Catholic boy finds his religion entering into every phase of his life as a scout. In living up to the twelve Scout laws, the Catholic boy will find himself, not only a good Scout, but also a better Catholic. His late Holiness, Pope Pius XI, realized the important part the Scout program can play in the life of a Catholic boy when, in 1926, he addressed a Holy Year pilgrimage of Scouts with these significant words: "The more strongly you now hold to your purpose and duties as Scouts, the more faithfully you will place always spirit over matter and matter under spirit, the more you will put the thought of God and the teachings of the Faith above all other thoughts and teachings."

Since Scouting was officially approved by the Catholic Bishops in the United States, about ten years ago, distinctly Catholic Scout Troops have been organized in over 4,600 parishes. In 110 dioceses, the Bishops have made Scouting an integral part of the youth movement in the diocese and, in each instance, have appointed a priest to serve as the Diocesan Scout Chaplain.

Since Scouting came to America over 33 years ago, it has served over 9,000,000 boys. Every year many new thousands join the movement. For further information with reference to starting a Boy Scout troop please get in touch with your local Boy Scout Council, or with National Council Boy Scouts of America, No. 2 Park Ave., New York.

UP BY BIG BUTTE



by
MARY LANIGAN
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, living in Copper City, Montana. Two nieces and a nephew—from California—during the illness of their mother are staying with the Mannings. The young folks are all of College age. Clare, the eldest Manning, has recently entered a novitiate.

CHAPTER TWENTY

"AUNT JULIA. Aunt Julia." It was evident from the excited young voice that Frances was bringing news home from school.

"Here I am, dear," Julia called down stairs, rising as she did from her sewing machine. She could mend sheets another time. She wanted to give full attention now to Frances. It would be about the class play. This was try-out day.

Julia met the excited girl at the foot of the stairs. "Oh, Aunt Julia. I came home so fast I'm all out of breath. But the most wonderful thing. The committee gave me the part of Portia. Can you imagine me as Portia?"

Julia's arms went tightly about the slim shoulders of her niece as she answered, "I can very easily imagine you as Portia. You're like she might have been. Amiable and smooth and serene but every nerve charged beneath the surface. Yes, I think you'd step forward for action just like Portia should there be an emergency." She was more than commonly glad that Frances had been awarded the part. It would give her an interest just when she needed it most. She thought of the letter Walter had received from the draft

board. She decided not to speak of it until Frances had completed her account of the afternoon.

Arm in arm they drifted kitchenward. While Frances chatted Julia placed two tall glasses of cold milk on the gleaming tile drain board and a neat stack of graham crackers on a saucer. She often declared that sociability was going to ruin her completely. She would drink milk with Frances and then take a snack with Dave if he urged her. But even while she ruefully viewed her own penalty, she gratefully saw what tall glasses of milk were doing to the thin cheeks of Frances.

"Here's to Portia and congratulations." The two glasses briefly touched in the toast.

"Your Mother and Dad will be ever so pleased," Julia commented.

"Oh, I hope they will," Frances glowed. "Oh Aunt Julia, my senior year at High has turned out to be such a lovely one. To think I was actually scared at the thought of changing schools the last year."

"I guess everything straightens out to our liking sooner or later if we take it as it comes."

"Serious, Aunt Julia? Is that the Portia influence?"

Julia decided not to hold back the news any longer. After all she could not change it by waiting. She told her about Walter's letter. The color drained from the girl's cheeks but she only said quietly. "He expected to be called, of course."

Julia thought Frances had to quit being a little girl now. This is a thing a woman must face and

she'll have to become a woman to face it. We have to grow up to whatever situation life offers. If we are not tall enough, then we must somehow stretch our reach. She will be tall enough. She will measure up to whatever is required of her.

Julia asked, "When does practice begin?"

"Practice? Oh you mean the play." The play had been all important a few moments before. It had been crowded out by reality. Julia came abruptly back to reality. "You haven't talked a great deal about yourself and Walter. Do you want to now?" The slim hand was cool in hers.

"We love one another." It was a whisper but it was clarion clear.

Julia's hand tightened. "Then don't be afraid. Nothing can separate you, nothing. No matter where he goes or when he comes back, it will be the same."

"It helps for you to talk like that, Aunt Julia."

"It helps more to feel like that. Crazy as the world seems today, it probably is no different than it has ever been. Generation after generation of women have had to wait. Can you wait, dear?"

"I can wait forever for Walter."

"God bless you both." Julia could not trust herself to say more. Such courage made a person weak with an urge for tears. The bright brave courage of youth was humbling.

After that Julia showed Frances Clare's letter and told her that Walter was expected for dinner. There were the details of preparing the evening meal then to keep them busy.

"Well, Mac," Tom said after dinner, "the least we can do is to give you a farewell dinner. Do you want it here or on the Hill?"

"Neither," said Walter.

"My, my," cried Barney, "should we consider ourselves squelched?"

"Walter has a surprise." Frances spoke with a glow in her face.

"Ever since I had that talk over here about my becoming a Catholic," Walter explained, "I've been dropping in on Father Sullivan for instructions. It seems I'm just about ready to graduate. In other words, it's time to set the date for my First Holy Communion."

"What a beautiful surprise," exclaimed Julia.

"Nice going, Mac," approved Dave.

"Why didn't I know about it?" demanded Sue.

Walter smiled at her. "True enough. You should have been taken in on the secret. After all you were the little missionary who encouraged me to the point of hope. I'll always remember how even the heathens and infidels can pray."

"It was Pagans," corrected Sue. She was beam-

ing. "Infidels are something else, Sister Imelda says."

"Whatever it was, I give you a world of credit, Sue. My first salute I'll practice on you." He raised his hand sharply. The gesture brought back the fact that he was soon to leave. It had been easy to forget for awhile, in the joy of his other announcement. Julia was loath to relinquish such a pleasant subject.

"Walter," she said, "let us know the date, won't you? May we plan on a breakfast for you afterward?"

"How astute, Mrs. Manning. That's exactly why I declined your husband's offer of a party. Knowing you, I foresaw such an invitation and to tell the truth it seemed like a perfect going away party."

"Or either a perfect homecoming, for that matter," said Tom. Julia hastily turned away lest her eyes betray a telltale glint.

It was arranged then that the following Sunday should be Walter's First Communion Day. The fact of his valid Baptism had been established by records from his birthplace, and after Sunday he would be a functioning member of the Church.

The Mannings were all up early preparing for Mass. There was about the household that air of charged anticipation which always heralded a momentous event. It seemed to Julia that there was an effort on special occasions to make the day longer by attempting to stretch it at either end. She was thinking, as she dressed and lent a hand wherever needed, of the myriad of other important family days. Was there ever such a thing as growing used to them? Did the shine ever grow duller? She doubted that it ever would. Those First Communion days! When it had been Dave's she had tied a cloth to the kitchen faucet the night before at his earnest request. "Sister said to be careful." What a tragedy if the little Dave had forgotten and taken a drink! Forgotten! Small risk, that, with a seven year old boy atingle with his First Communion Day. There had been an immaculate white tailored suit she'd made for him. For the girls there'd been white sheer veils. "The happiest days of your life, Sister said," Clare had informed her. A mother had many happy days . . . the vicarious happiness of parenthood. Part of a mother walked in a procession with her child, part of her proudly passed the guard rail of the sanctuary into the privileged place, part of her came down the middle aisle with a small form intense with emotion and devotion. "The Body and Blood of Jesus Christ." She used to "hear" the catechism. She could recite it backward and forward and mention every crease

in the limp little Baltimore version. There were the other Sacraments too, dealt with by the catechism. Confirmation. Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Walter McGruder was to receive the Body and Blood this morning, on the eve of becoming a temporal soldier. What better preparation for that new life could he find than at the altar rail!

Usually the Mannings walked to church but they were riding today. It struck Julia as rather odd that they were. After all it was not like the other First Communion days when there had been a white suit or gossamer veil to be sheltered. But with one accord it had been assumed that they were riding and in good time a sleek and well washed car was driven by Dave to the front of the house.

Walter was already in the Church when they arrived. Barney and Hank went around to the sacristy door. As Julia walked in with the others a feeling of deep pride came over her. It was as though this parish church belonged in part to her and she was showing it to one who had been a stranger. She hoped that Walter was aware of the fresh blueness of the robe on the Virgin. Tenderly the ladies of the Altar Society washed that stone on frequent occasions. The Altar Society was an active organization taking care of the House of God with loving solicitude. True, there was a janitor to clean and scrub. There was never a more conscientious janitor than Mike Gleason and a nice little family he supported by his job. But this House was like any other. There was a need for a discriminating feminine eye for the small important matters. Like the dust accumulated in the fold of Mary's gown, or the pages of St. Anthony's book dulled when they should have been edged with gold. How small were these services as compared to the bountiful favors found in this House.

When Walter Sullivan came out on the altar all the pews were filled. They generally were at Immaculate Conception Church, as there was no wind or weather strong enough to keep the Big Butte parishioners away.

Erectly knelt the Mannings, erectly too knelt Walter, as erectly . . . as a soldier.

"*Introibo ad altare Dei*," murmured Father Sullivan. Softly were the ancient words said, yet clearly they sounded through the church. "I will go unto the altar of God." "*Ad Deum qui lactificat juventutem meam*." "To God, Who giveth joy to my youth."

Smoothly Barney and Hank repeated the responses. Out of the mouths of babes the old truths, the enduring truths were issuing. The truths they had been taught to recite without hesitation or thought.

Both the Latin and the English were familiar to Julia. There was great satisfaction in following the literal steps of the Sacrifice rather than resorting to modified prayers, however beautiful they might be. This morning the beauty and dignity of the phrases sounded through her soul and her whole being quivered in response. In these days of doubt, of uncertainty, there was the constant running and clamoring after security and peace. There should be neither that wild running nor asking. There should be rather a quiet listening. "Judge me, Oh God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy. . . ." In unison the servers replied, "For Thou art God, my strength. . . ." It was not Father Sullivan alone on the altar. It was Peter standing like the rock. It was Paul shouting out his apostolate. It was Patrick lifting up the green truth of the Trinity. It was all the valiant line of ordained men who have ever and are ever doing, "This in commemoration of Me." Walter kneeling grave and earnest was at the Supper the first Holy Thursday night. Soon the weakness in his body would pass. Soon, when the Bread was broken on the Altar.

The bells were ringing and there was a flash of gold and Julia sank to her knees with a feeling of hopeless inadequacy. She, Julia Manning, was not gifted with the words, she was not sufficiently articulate to express to her God the length and breadth of her gratitude. Walter was stepping into the aisle and Frances walked ahead of him to the rail. Julia followed him, her hands palm to palm. While she walked there washed up from the back wall of memory the words she was groping for, "Oh Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come to me; just speak the word of comfort, my spirit healed shall be." She was kneeling then at the altar rail. "Oh Lord, I shall never be worthy. Oh Lord have mercy on me."

Julia had come hurrying up the hill. She had left the church just as the priest had left the altar after the last prayers. She would have liked to remain afterward for a longer thanksgiving, but this morning there was a special breakfast to prepare, so she had slipped out ahead of the others. Even though the bulk of the preparations had been made the night before, there were bound to be last minute things to do.

As she looked up at her house she was amazed to see the breath of smoke curling from the red brick chimney. Now who in the world could that be. Everyone had been in church when she had left. Increasing her pace it was only a few minutes before Julia pushed open her door. There Elizabeth Cunningham and Nell Galvin came running

forward to meet her, both smiling and wearing briskly starched aprons over their Sunday dresses.

"Look at that, herself all out of breath," scolded Elizabeth. "Here is the breakfast, all done but lifting to the table."

"My goodness," gasped Julia, "however did you two manage to get everything going like this." She looked around at the bubbling busy pots on the stove, at the stacks of hot muffins peeping demurely from beneath snowy cloths at the table glimpsed from the kitchen, decorated with white flowers they'd secured from heaven only knew where.

"As if the whole town didn't know that Julia Manning never locked a door in her life," laughed Nell. "Now sit down and get the breath that you've all but lost completely. And let me inform you, young woman, you are about to partake of the first meal in a good long time that you'll not hop up from repeatedly to wait on someone else."

"Why," Julia protested, "I should say I won't sit down. You two probably haven't had a bite yourselves ... and what about your own youngsters?"

"Julia Manning," Nell approached with her arms akimbo, "you must not be concerned about breakfast for the entire parish. You mustn't today. Elizabeth and I were in the front row as big as you please, so drop that from your conscience; as for breakfast at our house, don't we each possess big girls dying for the run of the kitchen once in awhile?"

"But," said Julia. She got no further. Elizabeth thrust a glass of water into her hand, "Drink this so your fast will be properly broken and you can take a good cup of coffee." Obediently she drained

the glass, and the cup of coffee replaced it at once. It was like a dream of magic carpet or genii or something like that. She was outmastered and outmaneuvered, so she ceased to resist and instead gave herself up to the wonderful change of being managed and cared for.

She looked around the kitchen after the first sip of coffee. Goodness! It looked more like provisions had been made for a banquet than for a mere breakfast. Copper kettles were there which were strange to her, and deep bowls and all sorts of dishes and pans and pots.

She looked at Nell questioningly and Nell said, "I hope it will be all right with you Julia, but I think the entire parish will call on you before this day is past." She was speaking rapidly because it was almost time for the others to come home from church. "We've had so much to celebrate this past winter: (Dear Mother of God, Julia thought, this woman's baby died during that time.) We've never properly celebrated that Tom was saved, that there was no strike this year, about your Clare, that little Peter Cunningham is there to daily plague his mother, God bless him. But most of all Julia Manning, the favors that are in the hearts, but which the lips will never tell. We feel certain that our special blessings are the favors of our Lady, out of our nightly devotions to her. What better time to celebrate than the First Communion Day of Walter McGruder?"

"What better time?" echoed Julia. Carefully she placed her cup in the saucer on the table. She stood up and opened her arms and she and Nell and Elizabeth embraced each other and each kissed the cheeks of the other two. As Julia's lips touched each cheek she was aware of the sharp taste of salt.

(To be continued)

When a Loved One Passes on

Gently the doctor replaced the wrist of the woman on the white bedspread. Sympathetically, he turned to the kneeling man and said: "Your wife, Mr. Jones—your wife has left us!"

Dead! Impossible! The one person who really meant anything to him—gone forever! Nothing more could he do for her, and before him stretched wretched, lonely years.

What a comfort for the Catholic, at such a time, to know that he still can aid—that by his prayers to the compassionate Lord, Jesus, he can help wipe out her tiny sins and the temporal punishment to all her forgiven sins—and that she, by her prayers for him, may help him toward his heavenly goal.

Such is the dogma of Purgatory, and it's all so logical. Surely nothing defiled can enter into the purity of Heaven; and by the same token, nothing but the grossest life, unrepented, deserves the everlasting punishment of hell fire. Therefore, there must be a midway place of punishment and of cleansing, that almost all of us enter to stay until we are fit to reside with Jesus in Heaven.

This the Apostles preached and practiced. This the early Fathers taught and wrote. This the Bible in many places presupposes in such a way that no man with an open mind can doubt the meaning. Of this the catacombs give living testimony today.

Catholic Information Society, Narberth, Pa.

A Toast to the

SOUL OF THE PARISH

Anne Rush Riley

THE PASTOR thinks that the Soul of the Parish radiates from the faces at the Communion rail. The trustees are inclined to believe that it shines through the contributions in the collection box. Only the President of the Altar Society knows the truth: that it is the spiritual force motivating activities which guarantee the life and progress of the Church, in spite of sickness, death, drouth and disaster.

Take quilting bees. On a given day in our town the initial group met to start the quilt. Of this group the wife of the merchant left her lunch dishes unwashed in order to make good her promise to attend. She worked like mad in order to accomplish something before hurrying home to prepare dinner for her family. Through a long series of bees she came back to every one (always a little breathless because she is fat and more than forty): keeping her co-workers in good humor with her hearty laugh and her charitable alibis for the slackers. Another of the initial group, mother of seven, hurried with the insistent chores at her farm home to come to town and assume her share of the project. Her stitches were beautiful—almost invisible—yet her hands are subjected to the very hardest drudgery on the farm. It seemed as if the goal—new candlesticks for the altar—lent delicacy to her efforts.

The bees continued. One widely divergent group included an elderly spinster, an ancient widow and the President. They sewed tirelessly one afternoon as snatches of conversation covered a wide range of topics. They found themselves recalling favorite poems memorized at school. The widow said bashfully that she thought she could still recite one. After considerable urging she began the recitation, at first a monotonous chant. Then, warming up to her theme, she made gestures and emphasized passages, with surprisingly interesting inflections. Taking heart, the seventy year old spinster remembered some verses too. Her flushed wrinkled face took on the glow of youth as she recited Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." Then, her courage increas-

ing, she confessed to having been awarded a volume of his poems in her graduation year for the highest class average. Dear old Soul! We had known her only as a patient drudge. The President completed the trilogy with the simple philosophy of "The Village Blacksmith."

Throughout the afternoon not a sordid thought was expressed, nor a reputation injured. And on the way home the widow stopped to buy a basket of groceries to take to the convent.

Or church suppers. Women standing behind counters of food, their shoulders sagging with fatigue, their hands automatically serving an endless procession of plates: their eyes glowing with satisfaction because "this success will buy cassocks for the acolytes."

One woman who has been heard to say (after such suppers) "I never want to look a bean in the face again" comes annually to the rescue with a huge pan of "Boston Baked," seductively flavored as only she can flavor them. Her reputation is built on this accomplishment. Furthermore, she knows that this prosaic article of food will help fill hungry stomachs whose owners will recall next year, "Those women sure know how to bake beans; yes, I'll buy a ticket." And the success of the next parish supper is assured.

Or study clubs. It is true, if trite, that the busiest woman in the parish is the one who takes over when the pastor launches a new activity. Leadership is no will-o'-the-wisp. It is the steady, tangible quality that the chosen few in any parish possess. Father knows that if Mrs. Flannery takes on the chairmanship of the study club she will give everything she has to the job: meaning that she rises at dawn to get her mending out of the way and will do her ironing at midnight so that a full, free afternoon can be devoted to a meeting of the club. Besides, she must take time to the sorting of recreational reading matter for recommendation to the members. She knows a program of undiluted religious instruction will discourage,

or worse still, bore the youngsters. Whatever she selects must not be too stilted Catholic, yet the Catholic atmosphere must pervade the whole. This takes time. It is pathetic, this earnest, fearful approach the elders make to win subtly, oh so subtly, the confidence and interest of teen age boys and girls: to make them *like* study clubs.

In the meantime, the Mrs. Flannerys of the world know in their hearts that lesser members of the parish suggest occasionally, "Let her do it, she loves the limelight," or "Tell Mrs. Flannery to do it, she likes to lead." Maybe Mrs. Flannery has vowed numberless times to shift her parish burdens to younger women. Maybe she longs for the leisure to re-read the classics that formed a part of her literature course back in her girlhood with the Sisters. Maybe, indeed, she covets a few quiet evenings on which to complete the afghan she has been trying to knit, for lo these many moons, for her daughter. But leisure to read or knit seems utterly frivolous while she hears the Call-to-Youth signal. *Some one must help.*

Taken at face value these parish activities may seem like a tempest in a teapot. Occasionally things fail to run smoothly. Human nature being what it is, there is sometimes a grouch who asks "What's the use, people are tired of giving." There is the hypochondriac who is never well enough to give active cooperation. There is the ardent club woman who thinks the President of the Altar Society should learn to conduct the meetings according to strict parliamentary law.

Mrs. President knows that if she asks the Saints to help her, all those elements can be placated and reconciled. If she is patient they will finally cooperate. If she is resourceful they will acknowledge her leadership. And if she has a sense of humor the world is her oyster.

* * *

The Soul of the Parish is the spiritual force motivating the quilting bees, the church suppers, the study clubs: the myriad humdrum tasks that seem so prosaic and earthly. Even these translate into Catholic Action the zeal of Christ's children.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"When they had crucified Him."
—St. John 19:23.

FLESH AND FLINT

THE ENEMIES of Jesus did not feel secure of their Victim until they had nailed Him to the Cross. Only then did they venture to taunt Him with: "Aha! Come down from the Cross and save Thyself" (St. Mark 15:30). He, Who came forth from the sealed tomb, could easily have come down from the Cross, but it was not the Father's will. He must die on the Cross to save His executioners.

Your victim has no divine power. It is not God's will that he suffer unjustly at your hands, but *your* wicked will is his executioner. A noble soul, like Christ His Master and Model, he will be content to be considered guilty and will ask your pardon for all the pain that *you* have caused him. He extends his right hand in forgiveness and friendship, but you nail it to the cross by your firm and cruel refusal to accept his sincere apology. Could he do more? You consider his apology a personal insult. Your refusal to pardon (where no pardon is needed, for he is innocent), which nails him to the cross and makes him helpless, should really pierce, not *your hand*, but *your heart*, like a sharp dart from a guilty conscience, but it cannot wedge its way into that organ, for pride and its petrifying effects have made it as hard as flint. Yet, a spark can be struck from flint to kindle a fire. The nail from the Right Hand of Christ would kindle in your heart the feeling of forgiveness for your victim, without which you can expect no forgiveness from God. If grace fails, because of the lack of the tinder of your own cooperation, despair will kindle a fire from your heart of flint, and then it will be Satan's turn to taunt you: "Aha!"

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

THE MINOR Seminary takes its plays seriously. When the elements turned against the students in 1937 and *Richard III* was played to a small crowd, it was feared that Shakespeare was slipping. The "good old days" when families for miles around climbed into the surrey and slogged over the country road for an afternoon of entertainment seemed to have gone. The automobile made it possible for them to take in a movie instead. But with the staging of *Hamlet* there was a surprising revival, and the repetition proved when *King Lear* was enacted that Shakespeare was not as dead as was thought.

The wartime restrictions on gas



On Easter Sunday in Italy thousands of convalescent soldiers, nurses, and doctors fill to capacity a large theater at a Peninsular Base Section medical center for solemn High Mass celebrated by Chaplain (Capt.) Alfred A. Baltz, assisted by an Army chaplain, local Italian clergy, and soldiers. Chaplain Baltz is from St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana. (Army Pictorial Service)



During the solemn high Mass celebrated Easter Sunday in a Peninsular Base Section medical center theater, Chaplain (Capt.) Alfred A. Baltz, St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, gave communion to the hundreds of convalescent soldiers, nurses, and doctors who attended the Mass. Here he is shown giving communion to Cpl. John McSorley, son of Mrs. Hannah McSorley, 2633 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Army Pictorial Service)

and rubber threatened to put an end to public performances for the duration, but at the insistent request of the Bard's admirers *Macbeth* was staged this spring for one public performance. However, the crowd was so large and the play so well received that a second performance had to be given.

The play this year was directed by Father Clement and coached by Father Gerard. The costumes—a deviation from the usual Elizabethan to the kilts and plaids of the Scotch Highlanders—were the work of Father Herman and his faithful helpers. Father Raban arranged the music for the play.

Another departure this year in St. Meinrad dramatics was the introduction of the formal stage set, one background being used throughout the play with only slight variations made by the furniture. A superb lighting arrangement furnished all the variety that was necessary.

While these mechanics of the stage are being commended the acting was in no sense inferior. The entire cast did justice to a long tradition of ex-



cellent performances. "Macbeth," (Edwin Maudlin) had previously played "Albany" in *King Lear*. "Lady Macbeth" (George Ottensmeyer) was "Goneril" in that same production.

STUDENTS in theological and divinity schools are exempt from military service by law. Since all our students come under this class they are not subject to call, although

they must register and submit to the usual physical examinations. But that does not mean that our students are not interested in winning the war. THE GRAIL has previously mentioned the S.D.C., a Students' activity for the benefit of the men and women in the service.

Starting this June 19th all who have completed three years of their studies will begin an accelerated

course which will keep them in session through the summer. The new semester will be completed in time to start the customary school year in September, though for all save the first three classes, it will be the second semester of the year that will begin then.

Classes during the summer time will be the same as in the regular school year. However, the school day will begin earlier in the morning and all the classes will be taught in the forenoon. This means that the daily Conventual High Mass will be sung at 6:30. At this Mass all will receive Holy Communion, and after an early breakfast, will repair to the classrooms for morning lectures and recitations.

While the students and seminarians are glad to see their coveted goal thus brought closer to them, and are willing to do all they can to help the war effort, the fact remains that they are being deprived of an opportunity to earn something during the vacation period. Many boys are wont to draw upon the summer earnings to take care of running expenses during the school year. This additional hardship will be felt by their entire families.

Scenes from *Macbeth*

1. Edwin Maudlin and George Ottensmeyer of the Minor Seminary as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth respectively.
2. James Doherty and David Cyr as the son and wife of Macduff.
3. The "Wounded Sergeant" scene of Act One. Paul Dorley played the sergeant, Joseph Sheehan played King Duncan. Robert Osborne as Fleance is standing in the center background.
4. Macbeth draws his sword for the final duel with Macduff.
5. The Banquet scene before Banquo's apparition quieted the mirth.

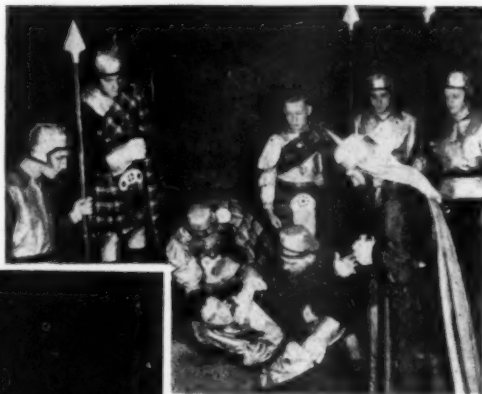
BESIDES the Fathers teaching classes this summer the following will continue their university courses: At the Catholic University, Fathers Edmund, Bonaventure, Kevin, Polycarp, Marion and Jude, at Loras College, Fathers Raban, Terence, Lucien, and Aadrian. Father Cuthbert is assigned to St. Paul's Indian Mission, Marty, South Dakota.

The Governor Visits the Abbey

MAY 19, 1944 should be recorded in the history of our Abbey as a day of joy and honor. On that day the Governor of Indiana and his wife, the Honorable and Mrs. Henry F. Schricker, with a party of officials and friends paid us a leisurely visit. For a long time Mr. and Mrs. Schricker had wanted to come to the Abbey, but the numerous duties of state augmented by wartime activities made this difficult. Finally a day was set. God blessed it with good weather, too. The Monks and Students eagerly looked forward to this honor and all were assembled before the Seminary Lobby when a convoy of cars pulled up the Abbey Hill headed by our own St. Meinrad State Policeman, Officer Ollie Prechtel. The big Flag on the hundred-foot staff was waving and another immense Flag decorated the Seminary Front as the Governor and his party left their cars amid the music of our Abbey and Seminary Band. Abbot, Prior, and Subprior, and also the Rectors of Major and Minor Seminary welcomed the group that included the following:

Governor Henry F. Schricker; Mrs. Schricker; Mr. Ernest Atkins, Chairman of the Dep't. of Conservation Commission; Mrs. Ernest Atkins; Mr. Milton Matter, Secretary of the Dep't of Conservation Commission; Mr. William Roth, Member

Director of the Department of Conservation; Mr. Kenneth Shellie, Planning Engineer of the Indiana Economic Council; Mr. Walter Ritchie, Sup't. of the Lincoln State Park; Dr. N. A. James, House Physician of St. Meinrad's Abbey and Seminaries; Mrs. N. A. James; Mr. Clement Eckstein, Office Furniture Manufacturer



of the Commission; Mrs. William Roth; Mr. J. I. Holcomb, Member of the Commission; Mr. Hugh A. Barnhart, Director of the Dep't. of Conservation; Mrs. Hugh A. Barnhart; Mr. Charles DeTurk, Director of the Division of State Parks, Lands and Waters; Mr. Arthur Tiernan, Director of the Public Relations Division; Mrs. Arthur Tiernan; Mr. Richard E. Bishop, Planning

of Jasper, Indiana; Mrs. Clement Eckstein; Mr. Theodore Uebelhor, Chevrolet Dealer of St. Meinrad and Jasper; Mrs. Theodore Uebelhor; Officer E. C. Paul, Chauffeur for the Governor; Officer Ollie Prechtel of St. Meinrad, Convoy Escort.

After preliminary introductions and an opportunity for a refreshing wash-up, the Governor's Party was escorted to the Abbey Guest Dining Room for a 12:30 Friday dinner. The room had been decorated with artistic touch. The National and Church Flags, and also a beautiful State Flag of Indiana, were included in the decorations. Peonies in profusion and Tulip Poplars, the State Tree flower, and pansies were used. Father John and our efficient cooks planned and prepared an excellent meal that was served by Father John and several of the younger Fathers.

Right after the meal the party began its Tour through the buildings and various points of interest; Abbey Kitchen, Major Seminary Refectory, Minor Seminary Refectory, Abbey Refectory, the Office of the Abbot, the Chapter Room, Sacristy, Abbey Church, College Chapel, through the Major Seminary, and thence into Abbey Library, and back to the Seminary Lobby for refreshments and Farewells. Father Abbot and Father John led the group in their cars past the Power Plant, Vineyard, Poultry Houses, Packing Plant, Dairy, onto the Fulda Highway, into town of St. Meinrad and westward, leaving them continue alone from the Abbey Hill.

THE PAPAL NAVY

Now Extinct, It Had a Romantic and Adventurous History for 1142 Years . . .

Harry Van Demark

OF THE very beginnings of the old Papal Navy nothing is to be found in any book in the English language. The earliest records in English take up the story from the year 728. From that date until 1870, when the states of the church were dissolved and with them their fleet, the little navy has a clear record of nearly eleven and one-half centuries—a history the longest of its sort in the world.

It is assumed by historians that the composition of the navy before 728 consisted of a few galleys informally chartered by the Pope's ministers to protect from pirates the trade of the old Temporal Power.

At intervals through the centuries we get occasional glances at its work. In 1329 Bishop Jordanus was urging the Pope to send two galleys to the Indian Ocean, and "so to catch the Sultan of Egypt in a noose." The distance involved in the journey would seem proof that the "galleys" were considerably more than mere coasting vessels.

In 1369 and again in 1376 we find more references to the Pope's ships, and in 1464 Pius II is at his port of Ancona on the eve of embarking in one of his galleys for a Crusade. In the days when the states of the Church extended throughout the thickness of the whole "leg" of Italy, there were two main ports—Ancona on the east side, later to become the arsenal of the Papal Navy, and Civita

Vecchia on the coast to the west. The latter port we find mentioned in 1504, when "two richly laden galleys belonging to Pope Julius II, on their way from Genoa to Civita Vecchia, were seized by the pirate Barbarossa."

The Papal Navy proper appears again at the Battle of Lepanto, when, on October 7, 1571, Christendom opposed itself to the Turkish wave that threatened all of Europe. With the Venetian and Spanish fleets, under Don John of Austria, was joined the Papal Navy, commanded by Marc Antonio Colonna.

The result is known as one of the world's decisive victories.

Through the next two centuries little of outstanding interest emerges in the history of the Papal Navy, though two little pamphlets in the British Museum refer to the fact that it was still in being, probably mainly as a sort of coast guard defense force and for ceremonial purposes. We know, however, that it was still in existence at the time of Napoleon.

Napoleon requested Pius VII to expel by force from the Papal ports all ships belonging to powers hostile to France. That about this time Lord Nelson fulfilled a prophecy that he would "take Rome with his ships" is a sidelight of history not generally mentioned in the text books.

In September, 1798, Nelson was at Naples, when

A BEAUTIFUL STORY



FOR FULL four hundred years the inhabitants of the valley of the Rhine, the Vosges and the Black Forest have been in the habit of carrying their woes and their wishes to the feet of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Dolours, commonly known as Our Lady of the Three Ears of Wheat. Almost from time immemorial there has been a sanctuary on that spot. The legend from which it derives its singular name is this.

A certain Jew had by some foul means got possession of a consecrated Host. After exposing it to all kinds of desecration, he finally threw it up into the air, to become the sport of the winds. But the winds of the air, which as well as the waves of the sea recognize and reverence their Lord, deposited the Sacred Host on three fine ears of wheat; and upon these a swarm of bees, alighting on the field of corn, hastened to build a shrine of wax around the Body of their Creator, to protect it from injury. Thus these tiny creatures paid Him their tribute of homage. At the same time passers-by were attracted to the spot by the sound of strains of celestial music, and by observing that all the ears of corn in the vicinity, with the flowers that grew among them, turned their heads and bent them in one and the same direction.

On beholding the wondrous sight the villagers fell on their knees in awe-struck adoration; then they went to the nearest priest to inform him what had occurred. From that time forth the place became a favorite pilgrimage; and many a miracle is recorded as having been wrought there, and many a favor has been obtained by the pious worshipper.

—Bl. Sacrament Stories—Keller

there called at the house of the Hamiltons, where he was quartered, a Franciscan friar, Father McCormick. Congratulating Nelson on "the glorious battle of the Nile," he said:

"What you have done is great, but you are to do a greater thing—you will take Rome with your ships."

A year later the French general, Grenier, signed a surrender on board the *Culloden*, and Captain Louis of the *Minotaur* was rowed up the Tiber in his barge, hoisted the British flag on the capitol and assumed the temporary governorship of Rome, thus fulfilling Father McCormick's prophecy.

Writing from Port Mahon in October, 1799, Nelson mentions the matter, being, in fact, so moved that in June of the following year he feels himself compelled to address a letter to the Pope:

"Although I do not believe that the father had the gift of prophecy, yet his guess has turned out so exactly that I could not on my conscience avoid telling Your Holiness of it."

Of the Papal Navy in the first half of the nineteenth century we have a fairly full record. It was under the charge of a cardinal minister with a layman in practical command. Its little arsenal was at Ancona, and here was tried what was perhaps the first "housing experiment" in Europe, the Papal State building residences for its workmen and letting them at especially low rentals, the State itself making up the deficit.

The State had its own revenue, apart from religious contributions. It had its commercial consulates in most countries and there is a record in 1853 of a commercial treaty being concluded between Great Britain and the states of the Church for securing "national treatment" to either's ships in the other's ports, which is evidence that besides its navy the Papal States had a mercantile marine.

In the very early days the Papal standard had been a red cross and a red star on a white ground; but after the recapture of Jerusalem by the Turk from the Crusaders the gold and silver flag which had served for the medieval kingdom of Jerusalem passed to the Papacy.



His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, sketched by Gerard Rooney of Boston, Mass. The sketch was made at the side of the bier as His Eminence lay in state.

And so was evolved the yellow and white familiar today. But besides this the states of the Church in the fifties and sixties of the last century had no less than seven other distinct flags for different purposes—the navy, the merchant marine, etc. There were the keys and the crown, the tiara, St. Peter and St. Paul and other devices.

Of the Papal Navy as it existed in 1868 we have a complete record. It consisted at that date of thirteen ships under the "admiralty" of Captain Alessandro Cialdi. There was the *Immacolata Concezione*, the flagship; the *San Pietro*, a steamer of forty horsepower and carrying two guns; the *San Giuseppe* and the *Guasco*, steamers, each of thirty horse power and armed with two mortars. Besides these there were two steam launches and the tiny fleet was rounded off by seven sailing *guardia costas*. The *Guasco* was British built. About this time, too, is a record of an *Archimedes* and a *Papin*, also British ships, sent out to join the Papal Navy, though what finally became of them seems impossible to trace.

Of the *Immacolata Concezione*, the flagship, and the pride of the little

fleet, we know something. Built at the old Thames Iron Works in 1859, her engines were by Seaward & Company of Millwall. She was of 627 tons, with a speed of thirteen knots, and carried eight eighteen 1-pounder guns. Actually she was an armed screw steam yacht, and served the dual purpose of private yacht to His Holiness—in which capacity there is a mention of her in Brassey's "Cruise of the *Sunbeam*,"—and of flagship to the navy.

Her cost was defrayed by subscriptions from the English-speaking Catholic world. After the fall of the Temporal Power in 1870, she was sold and rechristened, first being *Gitana* and then *Loire*, finally finishing her career by being burned off Philippeville in January, 1905.

So passed the very last ship of the little navy which is believed to have had a continuous existence extending over at least twelve centuries.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Vatican has recently acquired a fleet of 21 coastal ships to be used to supply food for the hard-pressed people of Rome and Vatican City. The ships will fly the Vatican flag, and will operate between Rome and Genoa.

Open Forum

Dear Mr. McGinnis:

My congratulations to you on your timely and courageous "Between The Lines" in the May issue of THE GRAIL.

You have written a BOOK in two pages.

In my own limited way, in my news comments on a little 250 Watt Station, local, I have been trying to point out the same thing. I wish I could do it as well as you do.

We've simply got to hammer away at this blight which is ruining our social crop to such an extent that I at times wonder what the fellows are fighting for. I too am as anxious about all the other things you write about as anyone can be. But I felt as you do for some time, namely, what will the loss of all the rest mean IF we can not save THAT WHICH COUNTS MOST?

Good luck to you. More power to your pen.

Sincerely,

Phil A. Grau

Editor

The Grail

St. Meinrad, Ind.

Dear Sir,

I could hardly keep from answering Mr. Phillip's comment in the February Grail, but after reading, J. K. P. (Chicago) I can't keep quiet any longer.

I am bound to say that this is one time I have found a half witted expression in a Catholic paper.

I agree with him on one point (I wish I were rich) but not for the same reason. I know of plenty of people that read and enjoy Catholic Literature every time they can get hold of it. In many cases this is impossible.

A couple of years ago we took no Catholic paper. (No, we didn't take any other paper or magazine). Why? We couldn't afford it, and there are many more like us, even today.

At present we take The Grail, Our Sunday Visitor, and have bought several good Catholic Books for our Children, and they much prefer them to the so-called Comics of the day of which we never buy, but they do get them from neighbor children

GIVE *and* TAKE



and some of these are burned before they read them.

It's not the Literature; it's the Parents, who permit a child to choose his own reading material when the wrong kind is more easy to obtain than the good.

As for Mr. Q. M. P. I wish he would get that next book off the press for which we have been waiting for some time.

Keep up the good work; I for one would like to see most of the other Magazines out of business. All of their stories are alike reeking in Sex and Murder. Yours for decent Literature.

Mrs. H. R., Calhoun, Ky.

April 4, 1944

Dear Father Jerome,

When I read this piece [below] in the people's forum in *The Progressive*, a Magazine put out by Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, I thought of the piece in The Grail written by Martha Lee Forgie telling how every body should save scraps and such for the War effort.

I disagree, but I believe Blanche Hammond does hit the nail on the head.

Mrs. E. B., Floyd Knobs, Ind.

CHURCH MUST REPENT

Dear Sirs:

The Federal Council of Churches deplores the appalling increase in delinquency among the nation's youth, especially among young girls. It appeals for greater efforts of

churches, schools, and social agencies to combat the rising, aye, leaping tides of vice.

The appeal makes one "furiously to think" because months ago the Council formally endorsed the war with what amounted to its imprimatur on the ghastly business. Now it is evident beyond controversy that war and vice hold to each other the inexorable, scientific relationship of cause and effect.

The Council, having endorsed the cause, should not repudiate the effects. The Council's lament reminds one of the ancient ditty, "Mother, mother, may I go out to swim? Yes, my darling daughter, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water."

What good will appeals by the church, school, or forum do at this late hour? For instead of insisting that their leadership, their teachings, and their methods were adequate to guide humanity in dire distress, church and school tacitly confessed themselves bereft of the ability to contribute any important guidance for stormy weather, and were simply Summer guides.

When faced with evil rampant they abdicated leadership under the aegis and teachings of Jesus, the Prince of Peace—not of war—evacuated their institutions and with abject obsequiousness invited Mars to enter and occupy.

Science teaches that like produces like, and the greatest Scientist, the fount of all wisdom, taught that men would struggle vainly to make figs proceed from thistles or grapes from thorns. He also demanded, "Why call me Lord, and do not the things that I say?" About the treatment of our enemies for instance.

Church and school languish today under the dreary sign of Ichabod—

the glory and prestige have departed—and the youngsters all sense the fact, and are giving frightful evidence they know it. Mars is god and the soldier is his symbol, churches and schools have given their all, and the hapless youngsters reason, why shouldn't they?

The Council has cause to lament. Our youth is weakening the moral and physical fiber of the nation, and youth is convinced that war, the destroyer of moral and physical well-being, dominates church, school, and forum.

Until the church repents and brings to pass a time visioned by the prophet, "Yet shall not thy teachers be moved into a corner any more—and thy ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, 'this is the way, walk ye in it,'" until then the power of the church to make friends and influence youth will be nil.

BLANCHE HAMMOND IVES
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Reverend Father,

Yesterday I received the sample copy of the *Grail* which I asked you to send me.

Let me say that if your publication had nothing to recommend it other than its intelligent book reviews in the Let's Browse Around department, the feature I enjoyed most, it would be well worth the small subscription fee.

But, add to this the other items, editorials, stories and features which

the *Grail* possesses and we have an all-round Catholic magazine, well worth subscribing to.

I am inclosing herewith a money order for \$1.00 and please begin my subscription with the February number so that I may not go on missing this great little Catholic monthly.

Sincerely,

K. S., Syracuse, N. Y.

April 12, 1944

Reverend Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

Editor of The Grail,

St. Meinrad, Ind.

I am much interested in the series of articles on the Manners in Church. But one subject is always skipped both in print and from the pulpit, the only reason for ever genuflecting in the church. There is so much unthinking "bobbin" in all directions, that an observer knows the people are merely doing it from habit, and not because they know that to *Our Lord Alone* in the *Tabernacle* they bend the knee. In making the Stations, the genuflections are made to the Station, and probably they could not tell you why. After Holy Communion some genuflect as they leave the altar rail, and some not, yet if there is a reason for one to do so there is for all. And of course there is no reason whatsoever

for so doing! At that moment when you are cherishing the Very God Himself in your soul. When people ask the frequent question: "Why do some Catholics do this or that, and not others?" there is no answer to give.

The words on Dress rejoiced me. One of our priests who died two years ago, would not give Holy Communion to anyone with lipstick on her mouth, nor would he allow socks to be worn either in the school or church. He was most unpopular with the clergy, for they knew he was right, and they did not have the courage to do the same. Now there are kerchiefs, trousers, sun suits, shorts, anything worn that pleases the multitude in all the churches, and nothing is said. There should be no reluctance for "any pastor to approach this subject while in the pulpit." And "touchiness" should not be considered. I do not think the fault is with the people, any more than our children's bad habits. The parents admonish them and see that they do what is proper, decent, right and evidence of good manners, but the Catholic teachers, priests and sisters, slip over those things with scant insistence. A mere mention.

Sincerely yours in a union of prayer,

H. M. C., Worcester, N. Y.

Prayer for a True Christian Order

Dear Jesus, Divine Teacher of Nations, Who solemnly said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me for such is the Kingdom of Heaven," grant that so many innocent little War Victims, suffering not only in body but even more in the soul, may not be lost for all Eternity. Awaken all over the world wise and responsible parents who, guided by Thy loving protection, may not neglect their children, but bring them up in the "fear and love of God." Let no man put asunder what God has

joined together, so that from the Unity and Sanctity of the Christian Family may spring forth holy and apostolic souls.

Grant that every child may receive the precious gift of sound Religious Instruction. Enlighten the Rulers of Nations to foster the Teaching of Religion in all their schools, so that God's Holy Law may be proclaimed now and in the Post War World for the furtherance of a true Christian Order.

Mother of the Divine Young

Teacher, we pray that the world living in sin and darkness, may again find Jesus Teaching God's Truth and Love in our Churches, Homes and Schools—as you and St. Joseph found Him after three days of sorrow and worry.

All ye Holy Guardian Angels, pray for us.

All ye Holy Children, pray for us.

Prayers will be given gladly free of charge to those who write to
THE CRUSADERS, 223 East 105th St.
N. Y. C.

Let's Browse around



All Books may be ordered from The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana

THIRTY YEARS WITH CHRIST

Mary Rose Levy

HERE is another convert's story; it has that unflinching interest that a convert always arouses. In this case the convert is a Jewess. Miss Levy's parents were faithful Orthodox Jews; but they were not careful to avoid the "abominations of the Gentiles" and so their little daughter wandered into an Easter High Mass and discovered that the Holy One had come.

The title of this autobiography might seem to intimate that the convert became a professional contemplative, and it is mentionworthy that she so aspired. An increasing lack of vigor however, gradually reduced her to the lay state. Like the Gospel Martha she has been "troubled about many things." She has had as she relates numerous encounters at Communist meetings and here a warning is in order: Be careful when reading these accounts and those of anti-Catholic meetings, because one is perilously liable to be shouting Bravo! without regard to the surroundings.

In general the matter is very constructive, allowing of course for the clearing away that must precede. After disposing summarily of the most prominent aberrations that now go abroad as religions, Miss Levy sings her Mosaic Canticle of escape. There are numerous little and large incidents to follow which show how her generous response to grace affected others also.

One thing that she makes painfully clear is the crying necessity

for Catholics to have "a ready answer." This is demonstrated by the happy results of some of her own "ready answers" and a mild reversion to what the more "ready answers" might have done.

In construction the book tends to be a compilation, though this in no way detracts. One part is about the Jews and what is being done to make their conversion less difficult. Another contains the accounts of recent converts on their conversion. The last part gives some of her "ready answers" and some of the letters she has written.

Probably the chief influence of "Thirty Years with Christ" will be for a more understanding attitude toward non-Catholics even of the militant kind, and a deeper realization that our own incomplete conversion is closely related to the conversion of others. (E.B.)

NATIONAL LITURGICAL WEEK, 1943

VOLUME FOUR in the *National Liturgical Week* series reproduces, as did its predecessors, all that transpired at the annual representative gathering. Its comparatively smaller size is another reflection of the rather drastic curtailment of the 1943 program, due to war-time restrictions and uncertainties; although we are confident that it closely approximates the standard of previous editions, both as regards the amount of material presented, and its intrinsic value. Due to the generosity of several of our speakers, who allowed us to print the papers they were prevented from

giving (through circumstances beyond their control as well as ours) at Chicago, we are able to publish the complete exposition of our 1943 theme just as it was originally planned. Thus it has been possible to assemble once again into a single book, the contributions of a representative group of American liturgical scholars towards the development and application of a single liturgical theme of current significance; and at the same time, to preserve the spirit of lively popular interest in which the gathering was held, by means of the reports of the various discussions from the floor. These have again been edited from the stenographic transcript with a view to reproducing as much of their original content and flavor as space would permit.

Although the present volume appears under the new auspices of "The Liturgical Conference," successor to "The Benedictine Liturgical Conference" in sponsoring the annual Week and in publishing its Proceedings, the change is actually one of method rather than of personnel, since the members of the Benedictine Order who have been active in the project since its inception, are continuing their active support, at the urgent request of the leaders in the new organization. In fact the latter has been created solely for the purpose of consolidating and strengthening exterior machinery in a rapidly expanding enterprise, being designed to adhere with the utmost fidelity to the aims and principles which actuated its original promoters. (From the Editor's Preface) Price \$1.50.

THE NIGHT IS ENDING

By James Ronald

THIS is the story of the generous self-sacrifice of an English girl—Ruth Malvern—in an English town in the decade preceding the war, who cast her bread upon the waters and was rewarded beyond riches. Her mother had died when she was a small child, and she was reared by her father, "Johnny," as she called him, whom she adores. He was an irresponsible idler but as charming as he was unscrupulous and improvident, and always made friends wherever he went. Living in many towns, Ruth had no place she could call home, except the memory of "a very dear little house," in Dorset, which Lord Wavendon lent her father when she was a very little girl.

The author who was born in Scotland, and ran the gamut from down-and-out to high salaried executive before he was seventeen, and reversed the process several times, has interwoven in this fifth novel a wealth of vivid and swiftly moving episodes, and created genuine, warm individuals. *The Night is Ending* is recommended for adult readers only because of the crime career of Gerald and the chapter on an abortion case which operation Dr. Murdock refused to perform, and the self-inflicted death of "Johnny." Price \$2.75.

AMERICA UNLIMITED

By Eric Johnston

THE RECENT re-election of Eric Johnston to a third term as president of the United States Chamber of Commerce was an encouraging event. Few men of his position have shown such sane liberalism as is found in *America Unlimited*. It is fortunate that he will have real opportunities to disseminate his ideas in the critical years ahead.

His book states a challenging *Credo*. In essence, his belief is that Americans have so much in common that it would be a tragedy to permit partisan differences to divide us. He champions the system of free enterprise and capitalism, but pulls no punches in regard to its abuses. He does not hesitate to lecture us on our

moral complacency, and to insist upon the need for higher principles than selfishness as springs of action. As a nation we have a great destiny, if we will but rise to the call of duty.

Mr. Johnston's wide experience has taught him that social clashes are more often a matter of psychology than economics. Given a meeting of the contending parties and an effort to stress areas of agreement rather than differences, much progress can be expected (p. 18). The soundness of this theory was shown in the *rapprochement* between the Chamber on the one hand, and Messrs. Roosevelt, Murray and Green on the other (pp. 23-24). Sensible people are not extremists. If we can avoid those who think in terms of absolutes, "black and white thinking" (p. 35), we can achieve a high degree of unity.

The author was particularly felicitous in applying his principles to the New Deal (pp. 72, 77, 84). He was not so happy in treating the vital problem of full employment (pp. 124, 148). Nor did he probe the depths of the conflict between big and little business. He seems more at home with persons than with abstract economic problems. Such is his openness of mind, however, that few would doubt his ability ultimately to answer even the knottiest of questions.

The Catholic steeped in the social theory of the Church should particularly welcome this book. Indeed, had the author consciously tried to apply the spirit of the Encyclicals to the American scene, he could hardly have done better than *America Unlimited*. Price \$2.50.

PERELANDRA.

By C. S. Lewis

IDEALLY speaking, *Perelandra*, although complete in itself, ought not to be touched until the reader has first come to grips with Mr. Lewis' other time-and-space fantasy, *Out of the Silent Planet*. Together they make up what, to one poor critic at least, seems the most impressive pair of exercises in the pure imagination that the last two decades have witnessed; and *Perelandra* goes even

further than its fine predecessor across the miltonic abyss of luminous grandeur where, as in Francis Thompson's poem, one has only to turn a stone to start a cloud of angel wings, or, at any rate, to arouse those terrible *eldila* of Mr. Lewis' invention, the archangelic regents of the planets, of whom, alas, our Lucifer is one. Mr. Lewis is an Anglican, and, like so many of his great co-religionists in the past, a doughty fighter for Orthodoxy; an Oxford don of the humanists tradition of Ker and Chambers, he is best known to the general reading public for the Chesterfeldean finesse of *The Screwtape Letters* which turned the devil's own gift of urbane mockery against his diabolical self. Now, I am afraid, certain voices will most probably be raised against what they will choose to call his audacities—in fact, a subdued murmuring has already been heard over *The Problem of Pain*—even if he has been very careful to disclaim authority for his private speculations in the aforementioned book, and to cloak them under the spangled motley of interstellar fantasy in this present instance. A like hue and cry went out after Newman for his opinions on angels, and, to take a Protestant parson dear to Mr. Lewis' heart, the dominies once gravely harried sweet-tempered George Macdonald for his mystic sportiveness. "Hippocrides does not care," wrote Newman wryly in his *Apologia*; but one reviewer cares, and he calls down a round and ringing Bellocian imprecation on all other reviewers, past and present, Catholic or otherwise, who go on a heresy witch-hunt. For there is nothing *contra revelationem* in the grave beauty of these fantasies of free will; Mr. Lewis is merely indulging himself in the Middle Age monkish prerogative of speculating on that almighty *If* of history: what if sire Adam had not fallen? He deals in the *unrevealed*, à la the Aristotelian formula of the probable-possible, and in terms of other worlds than ours.

If it would serve any good purpose, one could point out the radiant forces that beat upon Mr. Lewis' work, from St. Augustine to Beatrix Potter. But time does not serve,

and such a demonstration might fulfill the shabby purpose of discrediting Clive Staple Lewis as a great original, who, like all healthy growths in life and art, has his roots and well-springs sunk deep in the traditional literature and religion of Western civilization. I can think of no finer gift for an imaginative boy or girl than these theological romances of Mr. Lewis; he is the new Verne and the new Wells of a newer day; and, I think—and this is very high praise, for the early Wells was

a genius of the first order—he is better than either. Price \$2.00.

THE STORK RUN

By Rebecca Reyher (Editor)

THIS latest in the series of cartoon collections is devoted to babies and the foibles of their attendant relatives. Being a collection of 105 cartoons by 56 cartoonists there is no general thread running throughout the group. Contributors include such famous names as David Breger, Helen Hokinson, Bill King,

O. Soglow, James Thurber and a host of others contributing on a wide variety of subjects. Most of the cartoons have a high risibility rating—three or four being gems of their kind. Some are stock items, others merely topical. There is a great deal of satire including two cartoons on Baptism which at first glance may seem slightly irreverent but actually ridicule people's attitudes rather than the sacrament itself. The book seems suitable for all. Price \$1.00.

Come, Holy Spirit

(Continued from page 198)

to it a supernatural spirituality. By means of the theological and cardinal virtues he takes possession of his powers and faculties, the reason, will, and whole nature of man and gives him power to perform supernatural acts. To the virtues that He bestows He adds a new system of supernatural helps by means of His gifts, in order to make the practice of virtue easy and enjoyable, and to bring man completely under His sway. To all these powers He gives added force by His prevenient and subsequent grace in order to give them renewed activity. Finally He equips sanctified man with wonderful powers that should enable him to accomplish great things for his neighbor and the Church. In this manner the Holy Spirit really fills the entire man, all his faculties and powers, his whole life, as well for his own good as also for that of his neighbor, and in this way imparts to him a fulness of supernatural power and activity. Truly He is the "God Who works all things in all" (1 Cor. 12:6).

16. *Without Thy help*
17. *There is nothing in man,*
18. *Nothing is sinless.*

These words express the simple and logical conclusion to the preceding statements. If the Holy Spirit fills the entire man, if all man's fulness comes from Him, then man certainly has nothing and is nothing, without His power and influence. Without the Holy Spirit man is nothing in regard to his supernatural life. He is dead and is in enmity with God. Enmity with God is sin and death.

From this we see how necessary the Holy Spirit is for us, how we cannot do without Him. We must humbly acknowledge this fact, and, in the lively recognition of our helplessness

and need, must earnestly and incessantly ask Him not to withdraw His help from us, but, on the contrary, to fill us with His grace for His glory, and for the benefit of ourselves and our neighbor. In childlike faith and trust let us tell Him of our dire need of Him, that we cannot do without His constant presence and help.

19. *Cleanse what is sordid!*

The fourth stanza of the Sequence adduces six reasons why we need the constant help of the Holy Spirit in our utter nothingness and sinfulness.

Our sordidness consists in sin, be it original or personal, mortal or venial. Sin is truly an uncleanness that disfigures and destroys our spiritual beauty and likeness to God. This uncleanness was in us because of original sin, and is, also, still in us because of venial sin; not to commit a venial sin is a privilege which we may ascribe only to the stainless Mother of God. Without a special grace, morally speaking, we cannot live long without committing venial sins. The possibility of avoiding mortal sin is removed only by our death. Now, it is the Holy Spirit who frees us from sin. Under the figure of pure and purifying water He was foretold in the Old Testament by the Prophet Ezekiel: "I will pour upon you clean water, and you shall be cleansed from all your filthiness, and I will cleanse you from all your idols" (36:25). He actually cleanses us from original sin by the waters of baptism; from personal sins through the sacraments of penance and extreme unction. He cleanses us further by the tears of sorrow and repentance, by the true spirit of penance, by hatred of sin, the firm resolve to avoid sin, and the zeal to atone for past, forgiven sins, and to watch and pray.

All this the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of compunction and penance, accomplishes in us. He restores the purity of our heart and causes our venial sins and faults to decrease in number. We must pray for this purifying of our heart as Holy Mother Church does in so many of her prayers to the Holy Spirit.

20. *Water what is dry!*

The second evil condition in our soul is its barrenness, caused by the dryness of our soul. Just as the grass, trees, and crops cease growing, and finally die during a drought, so also our soul becomes unfruitful in virtues and good works because of the lack of vital sap and strength that come from the heavenly dew of spiritual stimulus and consolation. Our soul then resembles a dry land, as the Psalmist describes it: "My soul is as land without water" (Ps. 142:6), from which the reaper can gather no grain, "wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that gathereth sheaves, his bosom" (Ps. 128:7).

This spiritual aridity usually comes from neglect of prayer and, in consequence, the lack of stimulating grace. Prayer is our principal means of obtaining grace. Without prayer, spiritual dew and rain cease to moisten the land of our soul; but devout and continual prayer will again open the fountains of heaven, whence comes the refreshing and fruitifying rain of grace, enlightenment and comfort, and especially the readiness to do all that pertains to the faithful service of God. Around this overflowing well of divine water flourishes the abundant vegetation of virtues and good works.

But even the power to pray worthily is a gift of the Holy Spirit. He therefore incites us to pray,

teaches us why and how we should pray, and also provides that our prayer is heard. Through prayer the Holy Spirit sprinkles the flower and fruit garden of our soul so that it may blossom and bring forth fruit. We must never let the sprinkling can of prayer out of our hands.

21. *Heal what is wounded!*

A third evil in our soul are the many and deep festering wounds that it bears. These are the effects of original sin, which destroy the health and perfection in which our nature was created. They consist in a darkening of the mind, weakness of the will, and the dominion of the passions. They are not essential defects in our nature, but only hindrances to good, which can become occasions for sinning and impede our progress.

For the cure of these ailments the Holy Spirit has two great sanitariums. The first of these spiritual clinics is the Church, in which priests are the duly-trained, equipped, and appointed physicians, and the remedies they apply are her salutary teachings and her health-restoring sacraments. The second clinic is the religious state, where the soul receives special, spiritual treatment. The eventual cure of all the soul's maladies consists in the regular, continued practice of prayer and mortification. These two remedies work infallibly. Interiorly the Holy Spirit removes these weaknesses by means of the healing power of actual grace. He is truly the soul's Physician and the Good Samaritan, who pours "wine and oil" into our wounds and heals them.

22. *Bend what is rigid!*

Our stubborn and unbending will is a fourth evil of our corrupted nature. Very often, in fact, generally the source lies in a certain pride of the understanding. The whole evil, then, consists in a darkening of the mind and a hardness of the will, or a hard, stony heart, resisting the will of God and the direction of the Holy Spirit, of which St. Stephen accused the Jews: "Stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ear, you always oppose the Holy Spirit" (Acts: 7:51). This malady also manifests itself less strongly by lesser infidelities to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in a certain aloofness and coldness towards one's neighbor, and in harshness and stubbornness in flaying and punishing the faults of others.

The Holy Spirit seeks to remove these faults by means of the gift of piety, and the solace and sweetness of the gift of wisdom, which make a person childlike, meek, generous, filled with deep and humble understanding, with loving and wise sub-

mission. According to the Book of Wisdom the spirit of understanding is "holy, one, manifold, subtle, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that which is good, quick, which nothing hindereth, beneficent, gentle, kind, steadfast, assured, secure, having all power, overseeing all things, and containing all spirits, intelligible, pure, subtle" (7:22-23). In order to partake of this precious influence we must beware of venial sins, pride, and self-will.

23. *Warm what is frigid!*

The fifth evil in our soul is coldness or frigidity, which is nothing else than a lack of love of God and our neighbor. This coldness has its source in selfishness, whether this be caused by pride or sensuality. Just as the frigid north wind and the biting east wind hinder all life in nature in spring, so also does self-seeking. It draws to itself all power of loving, so that nothing remains for God or man. It makes our whole being stiff and cold, and sensitive and tender only to self.

The Holy Spirit removes this evil by true love of God and neighbor. Nothing is so opposed to self-love as the love of God and neighbor, and nothing in man is to be considered so much the work of the Holy Spirit as infusing true love. In love everything can be ascribed to Him—its name, origin, essence, life, and goal. We must ask Him unceasingly to melt in us the ice of self-love by His warming, purifying, vivifying Breath of this love, and that He may not let us leave this mortal life until we have attained to perfect love of God.

24. *Bring back what has gone astray!*

Just as the good shepherd brings back to the flock the sheep that has gone astray and guides it by his staff, so we ask the Holy Spirit in this petition to keep us from departing from the path that leads to our goal. We go astray, and all our efforts are lost if they take us away from our goal. Now our goal in life is God, heaven, and the salvation of our soul. All our thoughts, intentions, words, and deeds go astray that are centered on earthly things alone and have no bearing on eternity. Our senses go astray when they are allowed unrestrained freedom. Our whole life's pilgrimage will be in the wrong direction if we do not constantly keep our last end in view and direct our steps toward it.

The Holy Spirit brings back these strayed senses, thoughts, motives, and works by inviting us to practice recollection and to lead an interior life, which He makes easy and attractive. An interior life means attention to our interior in order to hinder and remove all evil and in-

ordinate tendencies. It consists, furthermore, in living according to supernatural principles, motives, and in the practice of all the virtues. In this way our whole life is directed towards its eternal goal. We must, therefore, put a check on our unbridled senses, renounce our self-guidance, and give ourselves up to the direction of the Holy Spirit, who is the "safe Guide" to the land of our eternity.

25. *Give to Thy faithful,*

26. *Who trust in Thee,*

27. *Thy sevenfold gifts!*

The gifts of the Holy Spirit, are, like the virtues, the permanent property of the sanctified soul to enable it to act in a supernatural manner. Their purpose is to make the practice of virtue easy and delightful, to surrender ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and to fit us for the highest and most noble goal in the spiritual life. For this end they are divided among the theological and cardinal virtues. The gifts of Understanding, Knowledge, and Wisdom support in a special way the three theological virtues, whilst the remaining four supplement the cardinal virtues. The gift of Counsel aids and completes the virtue of prudence; Piety, the virtue of justice; Fortitude, the virtue of like name; Fear of the Lord, the virtue of temperance. Under the influence of these gifts the virtues perform their functions easily and without effort.

We possess these gifts, for they were infused into our soul together with sanctifying grace. Because these gifts are so sublime, important, and essential for our spiritual life we should esteem them highly. The supernatural virtues merely furnish us with the ability to act in a supernatural manner; the gifts give us the facility in doing so. Furthermore, they unite us most intimately with God and make us the living tools of the Holy Spirit. Let us often ask the Holy Spirit to make these gifts active in us, and to increase and strengthen their influence in us.

28. *Give the reward of virtue!*

How the seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit affect our earthly life is shown in the three last verses or lines of our Sequence.

By the reward of virtue we are to understand nothing else than living a truly Christian life in the exercise of virtue and in working out our salvation. The works of salvation consist, first of all, after justification with which the Gifts were infused into our soul, in preserving and increasing the state of grace in our conflict with temptations, in observing God's commandments, in performing the duties of our state of

life, in the practice of other virtues and the performance of good works. In order to obtain merit for all these good works there is required, besides the state of grace, that the action in itself be not morally bad, and that the intention in performing it be supernaturally good.

All this, however, can be done only under the influence of the Holy Spirit, His actual graces, and His gifts. Hence the work of our salvation is really the fruit of the workings of the Holy Spirit in us. It is He who, by the assistance of His grace, makes our life rich and full of blessings for eternity, like a fruitful field that the Lord has blessed.

29. Give us the completion of salvation!

We may also translate the above petition more freely by, "Give us a salutary end," that is, a happy death. The completion of a Christian life spent in the state of grace and meritorious works is the final great grace of a happy death. This is the second effect of the working of the Holy Spirit in us through grace.

A happy death presupposes perseverance in good. Considered on the part of God, it includes a whole series of efficient graces, which we cannot earn, and which are given to us for the purpose that death may find our soul in the state of grace and in the exercise of good works. Perseverance, on our part, presupposes cooperation with all these graces and includes them. We must continue to do good until death puts an end to our activity. It is plain how important and necessary this grace of perseverance is for us. It is therefore called "the great grace" or gift of perseverance. We cannot earn it, but only ask for it by humble

prayer. The Holy Spirit alone, the Giver of all Gifts, can grant it to us.

Death is the end of our earthly life, the immediate preparation for heaven, hence of vital importance, because it will decide our eternal lot. It will also be very painful for us because of our frailty, weakness, and helplessness. It will be precarious because of the fierce attacks of the evil spirit. It is his last chance to try to make us a denizen of hell. In order to be victors in this last and decisive struggle we need many graces, much comfort and protection. For this end the Holy Spirit comes with all the help necessary. He defends His poor creature against his enemies, offers him the assistance of no less than three sacraments, bestows on him many graces by inspiring him with trust, patience, submission and conformity to the all-holy Will of God. He helps us offer up the most difficult and precious sacrifice—that of our mortal life. In this way we imitate Jesus Christ, "Who through the Holy Spirit offered Himself unblemished unto God" (Heb. 9:14). Through the help of the Holy Spirit our death becomes "precious in the sight of the Lord" (Ps. 115:6). A Christian, holy death is the masterpiece of the Holy Spirit. Often during life we must call upon Him to assist us in that dread hour, and, above all, lead a holy life. Daily we can rehearse that final act in life's drama by using the graces of the Holy Spirit as they come to us—moment by moment. Death is not only the end, it is also the echo of life. In which of the two eternal abodes will our dying cry be heard?

30. Give us everlasting joy!

The term "everlasting joy" simply means "heaven." The proximate preparation for the perfect happiness in heaven is a glorious resur-

rection. Resurrection is the reunion of body and soul for a glorified life. This wonderful work pertains to the Holy Spirit in many ways. He is, above all, the cause of our resurrection. "If the Spirit of Him Who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, then He who raised Jesus Christ from the dead will also bring to life your mortal bodies because of the Spirit Who dwells in you" (Rom. 8:11). Furthermore, He is also its efficient cause. The Holy Spirit is the principle of all perfection and the life-giving principle in the strictest sense. The glorious transfiguration of our body and its reunion with our glorified soul is the highest degree of perfection of our earthly existence. The Holy Spirit, Who from the beginning has created the body of man, breathed into it the breath of life, sanctified it by means of the sacraments, and honored it by His personal indwelling, now, by a final touch produces a being that bears the traces of His image. The carnal body will rise as a spirit and assume the qualities of glorified bodies, as St. Paul tells us: "What is sown a natural body rises a spiritual body" (1 Cor. 15:44).

The Holy Spirit has a share in making heaven, in as much as the celestial happiness is also love, joy and rest, yes, perfect rest and joy, because there is perfect love, due to the immediate and most intimate union with God, the most beautiful and highest Good. How beautiful is the share of the Holy Spirit in our happiness! He will be our rest and joy forever, because we shall possess perfect joy in God through God Himself. We shall then also love the Holy Spirit as we should, "with our whole heart, and with our whole soul, and with our whole strength" (Deut. 6:5).

OUR COVER

HAIL, HOLY QUEEN, MOTHER OF MERCY, OUR LIFE, OUR SWEETNESS,
AND OUR HOPE!

The cover picture this month is the first of a short series on the *Salve Regina*. The series is drawn by Gerard Rooney of Boston, Mass.

Our Lady is depicted on the cover as queen, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

She is clothed in a cope, symbolizing her all embracing mercy. The Orphrey, or border, is embroidered with the lily and the rose, referring to her titles in the Litany of Loretto "Mystical Rose" and "Mother most Pure."

Radiant on Mary's breast is the monogram I H S giving testimony to her as "Ark of the Covenant,"

bearing Christ, the Holy of Holies.

The Virgin's hands are raised in the ancient mode of prayer and supplication, one still used by the priest when celebrating Mass.

Her downcast eyes draw our attention to the Saviour whom she bears, and whose glory she reflects.

The heel of Mary is in the act of crushing the head of the serpent, sin, in fulfillment of prophecy.

Finally, on either side of her head are the characters MP-OY—the Greek monogram, which interpreted, means, Mary, the all holy mother of God—proclaiming her virgin mother of God incarnate.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

I wish to publish my thanks to Brother Meinrad for cures.

M. P. (Col.)

Please accept this offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favor received.

M. B. R. (Vt.)

Enclosed is— as an offering in thanksgiving for the favors received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. He has done so many kind things for me, and for the people I have talked to about him.

E. C. B. (Okla.)

Kindly accept my thanksgiving for the many favors I have received through Brother Meinrad's intercession before God and His Blessed Mother. My sister had a happy death. She was sick for a year and prayed to die. Thanks to Brother Meinrad.

Mrs. A. M. (Calif.)

I am enclosing herein an offering....which is only a very small token of my appreciation.

K. T. (Okla.)

Please say Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for favors granted me.

E. E. H. (Ind.)

I was quite disturbed. Before leaving for work, looking at Brother Meinrad's picture, I asked, "Brother Meinrad, if you are willing to help me, have me transferred today... in about nine or ten days, I was given the work that I wanted.

M. T. (Mass.)

I am writing to tell you that I have received many favors from Brother Meinrad.

G. M. (Minn.)

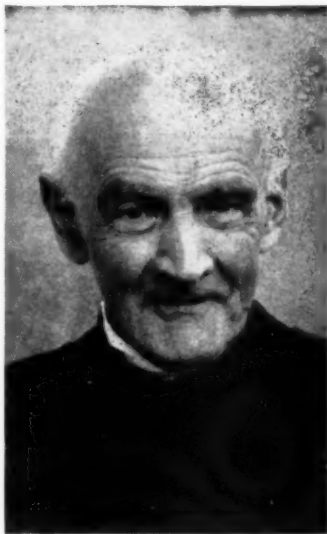
I enclose an offering for Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad...

A. G. (Wis.)

Thanks to Brother Meinrad for a favor received...

A. H. (Ohio)

I placed a sticker (of Brother Meinrad) in the sole of each shoe of a child three years old who had always walked on his hands and feet. The next day, he was walking like any other child. I consider this a



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

real miracle, as the child's condition has been bad since birth.

N. F. (Ind.)

Please find the enclosed....in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad.

J. P. R. (Ind.)

I have received a number of favors through intercession to Brother Meinrad, and for a very special one recently, I am enclosing this offering.

L. K. (Ind.)

I wish to report a very special favor. My son had a serious kidney infection. After praying to Brother Meinrad surgery was unnecessary.

T. T. (Ind.)

....in thanksgiving to Almighty God through Brother Meinrad's intercession for a great relief from asthma. Brother Meinrad has been very kind to us in offering favors.

E. B. M. (Mass.)

Although my favor has not yet been granted, I have gotten a lot of relief.

P. R. B. (Ind.)

Please have a High Mass offered for the glorification of Brother Meinrad. He helped me in the sale of some property after I begged all the Saints in heaven to intercede for me.

Mrs. P. C. (Wis.)

I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a special favor, a recovery from an operation.

N. N. (Ind.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad to help my husband and my prayer was answered. Please publish this for his glorification.

Mrs. A. K. (Ohio)

Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Brother Meinrad my health is improving. I promised a Mass and publication for this. I am truly grateful.

L. B. (Ind.)

Please publish my thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a very special favor just received.

Mrs. U. S. (Ind.)



Please send us your complete address with new Zone number.

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LITTLE QUEEN

This story of the Little Flower of Jesus is now running as a serial in THE GRAIL MAGAZINE and will be published before Christmas.

